

# AMERICA

## A·CATHOLIC·REVIEW·OF·THE·WEEK

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## Chronicle

**Home News.**—The Constitution provides that certain Federal officials shall be appointed by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. The question "Is the advice and consent of the Senate required for the removal of such officials by the President?" is not answered by the Constitution. Almost from the beginning two schools of thought have existed. The first asserted that a power of removal contingent upon action by the Senate reduced the executive power of the President to a shadow; the other, that an unrestricted power of dismissal infringed upon the rights and duties of the Senate. The question therefore involved a construction of proper partition of power between two coordinate branches of the Government. By a tie vote in the Senate and a majority vote in the House the first Congress favored the presidential prerogative. Immediately thereafter a reaction set in; and for 135 years thereafter the question was debated. The controversy came to a head in the Tenure of Office act of 1867, aimed against President Johnson, and again in the act of 1876 which restricted the power of the President to remove postmasters of the first class. In its decision of October 25 the Supreme Court, by a vote of six to three, held both acts to be in

violation of the Constitution and invalid. Associate Justice McReynolds read a vigorous dissenting opinion and was sustained by Associate Justices Brandeis and Holmes who also filed opinions. The majority opinion has already been subjected to severe criticism, and an amendment to the Constitution which will nullify the effect of the Supreme Court's decision is proposed by Senator King.

The free trade manifesto of October 29, signed by bankers and commercial men of sixteen countries, among them Mr. J. P. Morgan, has been discussed in a lengthy communication issued by Secretary of the Treasury Mellon. The Secretary is quite unable to accept it as a convincing argument for a scaling down of the tariff. The statement that foreign countries are unable to sell in the American markets is contrary to fact. In the year ended June 30, 1926, merchandise to the total value of four and one half billion dollars was imported; "with due consideration to unit values this represents a larger volume of imports" than in any preceding twelve-month period. In the Secretary's view, the volume of imports is controlled by the purchasing-power of a nation rather than by the rate of import duties assessed. In evaluating any economic survey this purchasing-power should be considered as the major factor, yet the manifesto gave little weight to this factor. The Secretary adduces a number of instances to show that the United States, although representing only about 6 per cent of the world's population, supplies the market for a vastly disproportionate amount of the world's products; 37 per cent of its coal, 48 per cent of its pig iron, 75 per cent of its petroleum, 52 per cent of its tin, 77 per cent of its raw silk, and so on. The Secretary's conclusion is that a cut in the tariff would not promote international prosperity, since it would reduce rather than increase our purchases abroad. Under a high tariff, we have prospered; "if we were not prosperous and able to buy Europe would also suffer."

**Austria.**—When the representatives of Austria lately confronted the Finance Committee of the League of Nations they appeared as envoys of a free State which had at last been delivered from external control. In place of the former critical remarks they were given kindly words of advice, while the Austrian question was treated with great expedition. All this was highly gratifying. And yet the League of Nations supervision is by no means entirely lifted and the Austrian Government must still trans-

act its business in much the same manner as if a general commissary were in control. Thus, on the last occasion, the Finance Committee agreed that the wages of public officials might be raised, but called the attention of the Austrian Government to the fact that the sums used for the purpose would have to be taken from the funds that Austria meant to spend on productive investments which are now of the highest importance to the recovery of the country. There was of course reason for this insistence, inasfar as the utmost thrift must still be practised. The great problem whether Austria will be permitted to borrow more money is not yet solved, but an issue of Austrian Treasury bills was approved by the League. The utmost limit, however, allowed in case of urgent need, will be 75,000,000 shillings, the notes not running for more than six months. These details may somewhat make plain the present situation of Austria.

The Vienna Central Bank has again come into the foreground of political controversy by the official statement issued October 27, in connection with a parliamentary investigation, that its liabilities had exceeded its assets by nearly \$14,000,000 on June 30. At that time the Ramek Government came to its aid by advancing to it almost \$9,000,000 and further pledging itself to guarantee all its depositors. It is now affirmed that the present authorities will still have to sink from \$5,000,000 to \$7,000,000 in this affair. It is not a pleasant prospect for the Seipel Government which has succeeded the Ramek Cabinet. The Socialists, naturally, are making the utmost of this event and are trying to turn it to account for their own banks, which are now the strongest. There has been a considerable confusion of politics and business in Austria.

**Belgium.**—A year of sacrifice on the part of the Belgian people and their national industries has finally taken effect in the stabilization of the franc. The Belgian franc is now placed on a gold basis, at the rate of 174.30 francs to the pound, or 36 to the dollar. For the purpose of foreign cash payments a new monetary unit called the belga has been designated, which is equal to five francs. The belga is estimated at the rate of 35 to the pound, or 7.20 (to be more precise, 7.19193) to the dollar. Concurrently with the placing of the franc on the gold basis, contracts were signed on October 23 in London for an external loan, payable directly to the Banque Nationale of Belgium, of \$100,000,000. The interest on the loan, which is payable in 30 years' time, is seven per cent. Half of the loan, in the form of Kingdom of Belgium seven per cent gold bonds, has been floated in this country by the J. P. Morgan Company, the Guaranty Company of New York, and a syndicate. It is reported that these new bonds are already selling at a premium, which may be taken as indicative of the hearty approval felt by the American business public of Belgium's self-sacrificing effort to establish her credit with the world, and her own internal security. The remaining \$50,000,000 has been

floated in London, Amsterdam, Switzerland and Sweden. The position of the Belgian National Bank is also strengthened by private credits which have been extended to it by nine different Banks of Issue, to the extent of \$35,000,000. By this arrangement Belgium has shown her decision to act independently of France and the French franc. The French, on the other hand, while recognizing the value to Belgium of her present settlement, are themselves unwilling to share in her financial policy, which, of course, involves resignation as to an accomplished fact of the present low value of the franc. It is said still to be the hope of French financiers that the French franc may be restored to its prewar value of five to the dollar. French publicists too have not been slow to point out the trials and sacrifices which Belgium must still pass through, in common with other nations who have stabilized their currency, before she can enjoy its full benefits.

**France.**—The decrease of the birth-rate is continuing to cause alarm to French publicists. One of the consequences of this alarm is said to be the new Naturalization bill, which will be considered at the approaching session of Parliament.

By the operation of this measure the naturalization of the foreign element in France will be made considerably easier. At present there are estimated to be in France 4,000,000 aliens. Politically alone this large body of "neutrals" is a potential cause of anxiety. Moreover the assimilation into the French body politic of what is regarded as a desirable element, composed chiefly of Italians, Belgians and Spaniards, will help somewhat to offset the situation caused by the declining population. When one thinks that according to Charles Lambert, Deputy, the population of France will soon be no greater than 35,000,000, as compared with Italy's 50,000,000 and Germany's 70,000,000, we easily see that a measure will be welcomed by which some 100,000 "desirable" aliens may be assimilated each year, as contrasted with 5,000 or 6,000 that can now be taken care of. The bill provides for twenty magistrates to give all their time to the work of naturalization in Paris.

**Germany.**—The prospect of the former Kaiser's return to Germany has aroused the Socialists who propose to present a bill at the next session of the Reichstag which would make this event impossible. Their measure would simply consist in an extension of that paragraph in the law for the protection of the Republic which forbids the ex-Kaiser again to take up his residence in Germany. Legally the prohibition contained in that paragraph expires in July, 1927, thus enabling the former Emperor to enter the Republic, if no new hindrance is placed in his way. Neither the Monarchists nor the Socialists, it may be said, expect any political revolution to follow from the ex-Kaiser's return, since the former announce that he is not their candidate, while the latter admit he will not be a menace to the Republic, but merely an unnecessary difficulty interjected into international relations. "The discussion

Vienna  
Central  
Bank

Stabilization  
of the Franc

Naturalization  
Facilitated

Ex-Kaiser  
Not  
Popular



which has arisen in the last few days," a Socialist leader remarked, "shows the former Kaiser has not a friend in Germany, not even among the Monarchists." Dr. Koch, Democratic member of the Reichstag and former Minister of the Interior, found on his arrival in New York some days ago that the United States was far more excited over Queen Marie than the Fatherland over its former sovereign. "The Republic is strong enough to be sure," he observed, "to suffer his presence, but his return is extremely unlikely on account of the misunderstanding it would engender in foreign countries, as well as in Germany itself." He held that the Republic need entertain no fear of Monarchy, Communism, or even of a military dictatorship. Shrewdly and quite correctly he pointed out how its two successive Presidents had both been brought into line. Ebert, the Socialist, helped to save the capitalistic order, while Hindenburg, apparently the very impersonation of the old régime, became the impregnable safeguard of the republican form of government.

**Great Britain.**—For the most part, the discussions of the Premiers attending the Imperial Conference in London have been kept secret. Public statements were issued, however, in regard to the Premiers' views on the question of the mandated territory controlled by the Dominions. Premier Bruce defended the policy followed by Australia in its administration of New Guinea, Premier Hertzog reported that South Africa had granted a limited self-government to the mandated territory of Southwest Africa, and Premier Coates declared that New Zealand had governed Western Samoa without friction. All the speakers agreed that these territories should be retained indefinitely. They were also of opinion that the Mandate Commission of the League of Nations was exceeding its functions in making unfounded complaints concerning the treatment of the natives in these mandated territories. Though details are not published in regard to the opinions expressed by the Premiers on the question of an exact definition of the Dominion Status within the Empire and of the Imperial foreign relations, it is understood that Canada is not pressing claims for a declaration of full nationhood and is not supporting Premier Hertzog in the dissatisfaction he has expressed over the Dominion status. A difference of opinion has arisen in regard to the problem of Imperial naval defense. While New Zealand and Australia are pledged to the support of an increased navy, South Africa and Canada are apathetic in the matter. Meanwhile, committees have been appointed to study the various questions of inter-imperial relations.

At a special session of the House of Commons, Premier Baldwin declared emphatically that the Government refused to intervene further in the coal strike. He confessed the failure of all previous Governments to bring peace between the workers and owners, and stated that, since the several offers of settlement made by his own

Government had been rejected, the warring parties must find their own solution. Before the temporary adjournment of the House, the emergency regulations made necessary by the strike were renewed. The leaders of the strike continued their campaigns to keep the workers united. Despite their exhortations, however, it would seem that numbers of the miners are returning to work. Official figures showed that far more than 250,000 men are now at work in the coal fields. The General Council of Trade Unions has started new negotiations with the view of having the Government agree to summon a conference of the owners and workers for a further discussion of the report of the Royal Commission. The Government is adverse to the request.

**Ireland.**—Only the vaguest hints have been given by the Government as to the date on which the General Elections are to be held. According to a writer in the *Irish Tribune*, "there are three outstanding matters that figure conspicuously in political speeches and which will probably loom larger as the election draws near: Protection, Partition and the Oath." Intensive campaigning is being carried on by the Ministerialist party in various parts of the country. The new Redmondite party has not showed much activity since its inception. The Fianna Fail, the De Valera section of the Republicans, is holding enthusiastic meetings, especially in Dublin. While the Republican section led by Miss MacSwiney has not entered prominently in the election campaigning, it has not been inactive. According to our correspondent, the party has instituted a "no rent" campaign directed against the payment of the annuities to the Land Commission on lands that have been sold to the occupiers. This campaign, he states, may become popular, as it was always the opinion of the land occupiers that no payment would be required if Home Rule were obtained; unless steps are quickly taken to counteract it, the movement is likely to spread.

Though not encouraging, the report of the Exchequer returns for the first six months of the financial year are not quite so adverse as was expected. It was feared that the depression in England caused by the coal strike would affect the purchasing power of that country and react unfavorably on the Free State. The six-month's income amounts to £11,578,069, a decline of £392,512 compared with the corresponding period of the previous year. The total revenue estimated by Mr. Blythe for the year is £23,362,430; in order to obtain the revenue required, the income for the next six months must show an increase. —The British coal strike, in a more direct way, has affected the Free State. Reports have it that there is an acute shortage of coal and that the prices demanded are becoming exorbitant. Though the Government had secured drastic powers to ration supplies and to fix prices, no action was taken since it was not expected that the British strike would continue as indefinitely as it has.

Imperial  
Conference

Election  
Campaign

Effects of  
British  
Coal Strike

Coal Strike  
Unsettled

**Mexico.**—The situation, as mentioned on the editorial page, grew daily more desperate. Uprisings were spontaneously beginning in all parts of the country, unemployment was increasing to ominous proportions, mines of all kinds were shutting down, many banks failed, and yet the madness of Calles seemingly knew no bounds. Latest advices related that all the Mexican Bishops were being herded into Mexico City, priests arrested by the dozens, and the people harried in every way. Signs of a deep rift between Calles and Obregon began to appear openly, and Mexicans freely predicted not more than sixty days for the present Government. Its difficulties with our Government increased after its recent insolent refusal to abide by the conditions of American recognition. Chaos seemed very close.

**Poland.**—The question of royalty was again uppermost during the past week. The occasion for much comment was given by Marshal Pilsudski's attendance at a royalist banquet on the estate of Prince Albrecht Radziwill, at which Prince Sapieha, the acknowledged Monarchist leader in Poland, proposed the toast, "Long live Marshal Pilsudski!" Present at the banquet were seventy of the foremost royalists whose enthusiastic support was assured him. Some of his followers are said to have in fact been prepared to see him appear with a crown on his head. They believed he would, at all events, assume the throne after the dissolution of Parliament. It is certain that the monarchist hopes of the militarists and the Right papers were greatly raised. The organs of the middle parties did not take the matter very seriously, but the Socialists were quite outspoken in regarding the gathering of monarchistic families as "a direct blow at parliamentary democracy and agrarian reforms." The Marshal had been their special candidate and they now found that he had entirely turned from them. "No matter how official circles try to minimize the event," said an editorial in *Robotnik*, "democratic Poland will stand together against the mummies of the seventeenth century attempting to change the Republic." Foreign military observers are quoted by the *New York Times* as claiming that "the push towards a monarchy has been rife more than two months," and these men professed no surprise. The people themselves, it appears, are apathetic and many of them perhaps favorably disposed towards a change, being disgusted with the instability of the Government.

**South Africa.**—Something of a political sensation was caused by the resignation of Dan Goetzee as chairman of the Nationalist party headed by Premier Hertzog and by his alliance with the South African party of General Smuts, the former Premier. The action is interpreted as a protest against the position taken by Premier Hertzog at the Imperial Conference. Mr. Hertzog has consistently demanded that the self-governing Dominions of the Com-

monwealth be accorded absolute equality with Great Britain. His opponents claim that the Nationalist party is quietly working in favor of the complete secession of South Africa from the British Empire, and English-speaking South Africans are, it is reported, indignant at his procedure in London. Mr. Goetzee, in his statement as to the reasons for his resignation, declares that he is desirous of preventing the disruption of the South African Union and that he wishes to help create a better understanding between the English and Dutch races in the country.

**Spain.**—Undismayed by the recent crisis General Primo de Rivera continued to follow up his plan of reorganization of the Spanish army on modern lines. His decision was announced to give precedence to merit and break up the old aristocratic régime, and accordingly to make promotions independent of seniority of service. Meanwhile much enthusiasm for the Government was displayed during the visit of the King, the Queen and the two Infantas to Barcelona. The press stated that the popular reception accorded the royal family exceeded anything previously witnessed in the Catalonian capital. The Premier complimented the city on its manifestation of good will. He also announced that the continual circulation of false rumors regarding the Government damaged the country considerably and explained that on their denial by him the *peseta* had reacted favorably.

**League of Nations.**—The agreements reached by the American disarmament experts, who are serving with those of other nations as an advisory committee to the Preparatory Disarmament Committee of the League Council, are looked upon as a sort of victory for American principles. They have reached an agreement with Great Britain, Chile and Japan on the manner of reducing and limiting naval armaments. Italy has been moved into a compromise position. Against chemical warfare the Americans have gained ten supporters. In the three questions of international control of armaments, of considering trained reserves as part of the total armament of a country, and of regional agreements, the American experts gained seven votes in each instance. Hence the prediction is made that next spring France will agree, like the United States, to follow a compromise policy.

Next week, Hilaire Belloc, in "The Boycott," will write of another and less justifiable boycott than the one now used by Mexicans in the protection of their civil and religious liberties.

Daniel A. Lord, whose clever essays in modern religious apologetics are receiving wide recognition, will present another, entitled "The Individual Smashes the Law."

Joseph J. Reilly's interesting study, "The Triumphs of Newman's Failures," will reach its completion in next week's issue.



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## Progress in Mexico

"IT becomes monotonous to have to repeat the same thing again and again, but there is no help for it," writes a resident correspondent from Mexico. "Things are considerably worse in the last few weeks, and the consensus of opinion is that a crisis must be reached in the near future."

We take no pleasure in recording these misfortunes of unhappy Mexico. They serve to show, however, the low state to which the Government has fallen in that country; the state to which every Government must fall when it submits to the principles of bolshevism. Road-building, reports the correspondent, has been almost completely suspended and the irrigation projects so necessary in certain parts of the country have been put aside. "The campaign expenses of the army in Sonora are taking all the funds they can scrape together." No one in Mexico believes that the protests of the United States will make much of an impression on Calles, whether those protests refer to the property rights of American residents, or to rights of even graver import. This official "simply laughs at the notes he receives from Washington. His obsession of omnipotence is such that he will admit of no alteration in the laws he makes." Criticism when attempted by the press is sternly suppressed, but in spite of this censorship, the people are awakening to the true situation. "The American Federation of Labor," he concludes "should take care how it sustains Bolshevism in Mexico, for that is what it is doing."

It should be noted that the correspondent from whose notes these extracts are made is not particularly interested in any faction in Mexico. Trojan and Tyrian are the same to him; he writes as a business man to business men. His warning against the Bolshevism which is gradually ruining Mexico is therefore all the more impressive. He sees, as many well-meaning people in the United

States fail to see, that radicalism of the Mexican type is not a mere economic theory but an all-inclusive philosophy. It is a philosophy not only at variance with every American concept of good government, but with civilization itself as civilization has thus far been understood. Professing to be a government of, for and by the people, in practice it is a government controlled by a small group of self-seeking politicians. Human rights, since their exercise is made dependent upon the wish of this group, are abolished. Under this system civil and economic liberty vanish.

The sole cheering feature which emerges from the darkness in Mexico is the steady resistance of the opposition party daily increasing in numbers and strength. These patriotic Mexicans merit the sympathy and moral support of every American citizen, for as long as he is true to the principles of his country every American is a soldier of liberty.

## Catholic Education Week

AN excellent program has been prepared by the National Catholic Welfare Council, and it is to be hoped that the exercises there suggested will appeal to even a larger number of schools and colleges than last year. If a place cannot be found for a daily commemoration, some time should be set aside for a public convocation before the end of the week. It will be an hour profitably spent.

The spectacle of young men and women coming forth from our colleges with no real knowledge of the Church's doctrine on education and of the principles underlying that doctrine, is all too common. To speak plainly, it bodes ill for the future. If the Catholic college graduate cannot give a reason for the educational faith that is in him, or worse, if he is a stranger to that faith, he may in later years support the Catholic school for sentimental reasons. That is the best that can be hoped for. Exposed to the lure of secularism, it is highly probable that he will range himself with the enemy.

So much for our colleges. As for the rank and file of the laity, an easy and effective method of selling them the idea of the Catholic school is a great desideratum. Too many Catholics are yet ignorant of the real force of the law which prescribes a Catholic education for the Catholic child. Too many are ready to admit, not because of ill-will but because of ignorance of the principle at stake, that a school which bans the teaching of religion and morality, is bad only for the Catholic child, and to concede that it is wholly satisfactory for the non-Catholic.

Not a few are inclined to argue that the Church is narrow and bigoted when she refuses to accept as ideal a system of university education which is Catholic only in spots, and therefore not Catholic at all. But as Monsignor Duggan insists, these are questions of theory. They are important, in fact, we must cling to them; but the question of bread and butter is also important.

It is sad to reflect that our colleges do not receive from

wealthy Catholics the financial aid which they need and richly deserve. Our great secular universities, with their millions for endowment, continually appeal for new funds, and usually the stress is laid on the need of paying higher salaries. We do not question the devotion of the faculties of these institutions, nor do we suggest that they regard their work merely as a means of acquiring a competence. Still, however high their professional ideals and great their devotion to the cause of education, the ideals and devotion of the Catholic religious who receives not one penny in recompense, are higher and greater. That truth should be recognized by our wealthy Catholics. What they give is to the student, not to the teacher; to the cause of education, not to any individual who may be connected with the college or university.

How shall this truth be made to appeal?

### "Comrade Debs"

A SOCIALIST who found the "sentimental wing" of his party exceedingly distasteful, once said that Eugene Debs was the only man who could call him "comrade," and make him think he meant it. To the end the late Socialist leader was identified with that wing. "Dear, beautiful, wonderful Horace," he writes a friend in 1919, referring to no other than the redoubtable Horace Traubel, whom even Walt Whitman found a bit of a nuisance, "put your arms around him and kiss him for me until I can do it myself." Your dyed-in-the-wool Socialist preferred the Debs of 1893 who as president of the old American Railway Union faced Governor Nelson of Minnesota and in language too plain for reproduction here, expressed his opinion of that executive's chances for happiness in the world to come. It was not a favorable opinion.

But it was sincere. Whatever one may say of Eugene Debs, the footnote must be added, "He was sincere." If sincerity could be accepted as the test of worth and truth, Debs never led a cause that was wrong. He led many in his day, and all met immediate failure, but paraphrasing Newman's famous characterization of the Anglican Establishment, it must be admitted that Debs often served as a bulwark against errors even more fundamental than his own. The Great Northern and the Pullman strikes were both lost. Yet each gave Debs an opportunity to excoriate abuses of which few Americans had heard, and when the battle was over he had so roused public opinion that the worst features of the old order had to go. It was at that time that Eugene Debs began to know what the inside of a jail looked like, a sight that was to become familiar as the years rolled on.

On March 10, 1919, the Supreme Court affirmed the decision of the Federal District Court and with it Debs' term of ten years in the penitentiary. He had been convicted under the Espionage Act of June 15, 1917, as amended May 16, 1918. If the old American spirit still moves in 1926 millions of Americans will hang their heads at mention of that statute. By comparison the Alien and Sedition act which wrecked a great party at the open-

ing of the nineteenth century will seem a model of gentleness and constitutional propriety. Among other crimes it made liable to a fine of \$10,000 and twenty years in the penitentiary the crime of "abusive language about . . . the flag of the United States, or the uniform of the army or navy of the United States," or any language calculated to express scorn of said flag or uniform. Laymen who can read the First Amendment which provides that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech," must conclude that if the Espionage Act is constitutional, then the Constitution is of no force during the time that it is most needed: a most melancholy conclusion, which may be true. We used to scoff at the *inter arma silent leges*, when the drums roll the courts close, as belonging exclusively to tyrannical empires and kingdoms. But that was before we had a war of our own.

Debs clung to the belief that the First Amendment held even in war time. He took his sentence without complaint, and his address to the court is a tribute to the marvelous power of his oratory. The address did not greatly concern itself with the indictment under which he stood charged, and much of its philosophy was absurd, but at its end his hearers began to ask who was the criminal in the case. His penitentiary sentence was never finished, and his last years were passed in seclusion. With respect for the man's sincerity and abhorrence of the philosophical and social principles which he advocated, we can genuinely sympathize with the grief of those who loved him, and of the thousands to whom he was in truth "Comrade Debs."

### Crime, the Child and the School

THE United Lutheran Church, in session at Richmond, draws up a severe indictment of social and moral conditions in the United States. Every count is justified, in our judgment, by undeniable facts. It is humiliating to confess that we are the most criminal people in the world; we lack, say Fosdick and other investigators, an abiding respect for law and order, a keen sense of the rights of others. Crimes against the person flourish as in no other country in the world, and in some cities crimes against property have assumed the steadiness and system of an organized craft. "It is useless to deny conditions that facts demonstrate," report the Committee, "and which imperil the general welfare of society."

It speaks well for the good sense of the Committee that they do not find the chief remedy for these ills in legislation. It is undeniable that improvement could be effected by a better functioning of our police departments and our courts, and by a revision of the system of probation, parole and pardons, now far too loosely organized in some States. Indeed, according to no less an authority than Chief Justice Taft, the administration of criminal law in the United States is little less than a national disgrace. These needed reforms should be made as soon as possible, but in themselves they cannot do much to check the tide of crime.



For "Character must precede legislation." The law should do what it can to discountenance evil and to promote virtue. But unless we turn our attention to the child, the future citizen, and strive to give him that education in religion and morality which experience has shown to be the most lasting guarantee of peace and good order in the State, we shall be forced to add law to law, and end in a tangled net of despised or ignored legislation.

Practically, then, what shall we do to wipe away the disgrace that attaches to us as a lawless people? "We must attack these unhealthful conditions," answer the Committee, "and see that the children have a better religious training in the home and the church."

Wise as is this answer, it is incomplete. It should include the school, which forms, or should form, the child's chief occupation.

The home can give the child the impressive lesson of good example. Failing to do this much, the home imperils the effect of every other educational factor, and destroys it, usually, if the example be bad. But example is not sufficient. The child needs definite, clear-cut information about religion and a training in morality. His education must not be piece-meal but adequate.

But in this busy day it is becoming increasingly difficult to give this adequate education at home. To say to the child "you must be good" is not sufficient. In terms fitted to his understanding he must be told what goodness is, how it is practised, and why. Few parents possess that first and indispensable gift of the teacher, the ability to inform and to stimulate; or if this rare gift is theirs, not many have the time to use it.

As for the church, probably the Sunday school is meant, or the instruction given by some churches at the close of the regular school day. It must be said that as instruments of religious education these agencies leave much to be desired. If they are to be considered seriously, they must be thoroughly reformed, both in their programs and in the quality of teachers. No doubt the instruction they offer is an advance beyond no instruction at all, but often enough that is the best that can be said for them. Further, to relegate religious instruction to an hour on Sunday morning, or to assign it to an after-class period, tends to lessen its importance in the mind of the child, and may even arouse his antagonism. Sunday school has never been traditionally popular, and the after-class period frequently is regarded as an unmerited punishment. The boy who would rush off to the football field, if left to himself, is not apt to turn a docile and respectful ear to the religious instructions of even the most skilled teacher. He may even acquire a dislike for religion and all that it implies.

Since the home and the Sunday school are insufficient, we must get back to the old American traditions of education and restore religion to its place in the school. The Fathers of the Republic considered that the diffusion of religion and morality among the people was necessary for the continuance of our free institutions. If their acquiescence in the custom of their day, and their language in the

Northwest Ordinance and the Farewell Address report them truly, they thought that the school would ever be an active and effective instrument for the teaching of religion and morality. Some eighty years ago these hopes were blasted by the introduction of a secular system whose first father was Julian the Apostate, and whose modern apostles were the French and German secularists of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century. The typical American school is the religious school. The secular school is an importation from abroad.

### Roguery and Reform

**A**PPEALS from politicians leave us cold, and stern lectures on the duty of voting regularly make us wish that most candidates were men for whom we could gladly vote. To avoid censure for the use of "politician" in a derogatory sense, we hasten to substitute the term "office seeker." The austerity of our ancestors is reflected in their choice of the season to which they assigned election day. They put it in the sere, the melancholy days, the saddest of the year, and thus the dour reflections induced by the falling leaf and the hastening shadows, are made darker by hosts of candidates who weary us by parading their merits and belaboring their opponents.

Candidates are much the same everywhere, but in some States they suffer from their friends. There are political wreckers in Illinois, as there are in every State. But it happens occasionally in Illinois, according to the *Chicago Tribune*, that the wreckers and the reformers, the grafters and the self-constituted guardians of the public's morals work hand in hand. Senator Reed set in motion a force that still causes uneasiness to all office seekers when he began his investigation to discover how much money an election to the Senate costs, and from what sources the candidates obtain their funds. He discovered that while neither of the candidates in Illinois was suffering from poverty, the gentleman supported by the reform party was also supported by the factions which are popularly supposed to influence legislation by their contributions to party funds. But that fact did not chill the ardor of the Anti-Saloon League. The candidate in question was a dry by conviction, while his poorer opponent was rated as a dry for votes only. "Roguery and reform are working the same side of the street," comments the *Tribune*.

Of course, it is not a crime to be wealthy and the possession of opulent friends is not ranked by the Constitution as a disqualification for membership in the Senate. Perhaps there is not much choice between a supremely dry person whose friends contribute to political clubs in the hope of future consideration, and a candidate who professes to be dry, just before election day, but whose aridity is open to some suspicion. Many Americans are trying to reconcile themselves to the custom which forces them to vote not for the best qualified man but for the least unworthy. That some of them fail to vote may be due to their inability to effect a reconciliation.

## The Crux of the Mission Problem

JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.

*(The third article in a series on the Negro problem in the North)*

ONE of the features of colored mission work is the number of conversions to the Faith in many of our colored centers. I personally know of two parishes in which the zealous example of the Pastor has brought in an average of one hundred persons a year, without any special attention or campaigning for those outside the Fold. Their inquiry is followed by solid instruction and an edifying Catholic life after reception into the Church. Although, in general, conversions are much more numerous in colored parishes, no one rule can be proclaimed for all. Some have many converts, some few, some practically none. To speak of the colored race everywhere as entering the Church in "shoals" is misleading. Zeal, charity, learning and patient instruction must play their part here as in all other instances.

Still more misleading is such a view when we contemplate anything like a general trend of the colored non-Catholic population to the Church. Without any doubt, many of those men who today wield a wide influence upon the members of their own race are quite frankly laying open to them the advantages of the Catholic Church from the standpoint of high principle, religious authority, and practical charity, even though personally they have no intention of ever professing our religion. Not so long ago, Dr. Kelly Miller, a Presbyterian, Dean of Howard University in Washington, remarked in his address on the Catholic Church and the Negro, which was delivered to the Federation of Colored Catholics of the United States:

The Catholic Church, as its very name implies, is a universal Church, and possesses a world vision and a world purpose. It does not so easily lend itself to schisms along lines of national, racial and social cleavage. Its comprehensive attitude on the spiritual equality of all the children of men will not yield to local passions and prejudices, however fiercely they may rage. Although local and temporary exigencies may compel recognition of race prejudice, it will not capitulate or surrender to it. Based upon the fundamental principle that spiritual kinship transcends all human and social relationships, it cannot do otherwise without stultifying its most passionate claim to ascendancy.

Nevertheless, before the Church can appear to its full advantage in the eyes of a great number of non-Catholic colored, especially in our Northern cities, for what it really is—their one real hope of true happiness in this life and salvation in the next—we must first do full justice to the Negro already of our own fold. We are judged by outsiders by what we do for our own. For the faith of non-Catholics cannot be aroused unless they see proofs of our own faith. Their hope cannot be gained, unless we extend to them the hope of enjoying in full the same spiritual and ethical

advantages of the Church that we enjoy, once they have submitted to her authority. Nor can we win their affections, unless we show ourselves filled with the spirit of true charity, unless we show that we not merely tolerate them, but look on them as normal human beings, bound to us by religion, language, and American traditions.

A three-fold obstacle, however, or "crux," presents itself in the treatment of our own Catholic Negroes, thereby impeding the conversion of millions, especially in our Northern cities. To say that the consciousness of these difficulties is confined merely to a small educated minority, hence to be disregarded in any practical consideration of the race as a whole, is merely begging the question. For if the conversion of the colored race is ever to go beyond the isolated cases of individuals; if it is ever to partake of a widespread general movement, then it can only occur through the cooperation of the leaders, mentally and morally, of their own people.

Well, but the difficulties are insoluble! They cannot be discussed; they cannot be remedied; and no betterment can be hoped for in our generation. Very well, so be it. But if that is the case,—I do not think it is, since nothing is impossible to the grace of the Holy Spirit,—let us then be honest, and let us frankly acknowledge that the greatest missionary opportunity of our age and country must thereby remain abortive.

The first category of these difficulties relates to the ideas, the mental influences, that are molding the minds of the younger generation of colored people in company with their non-Catholic brethren. If these were more clearly understood by the Catholic body at large, they would prove considerably less of an obstacle to the spread of the Faith than they do. Few of us realize the pagan teachings, the materialistic, often grossly irreligious influences,—oddly coupled with a good deal of exterior religiosity,—that are making today through press, school and platform a determined assault on what shreds of faith and morals these poor people still retain. Nor is this influence confined to the large cities. The poets that counsel license, the professors who inculcate materialism and its spawn of errors, the fly-by-night writers who condone cynical violations of the moral code, are pored over under the oil-lamp even in the country homes. If it is folly for us to train their youth to write and speak in behalf of what is clean and true, how can we expect anything else?

On the other hand, the legitimate and honorable



aims of the better element in our Catholic Negro population are unknown to the majority of us in the North. Where it is a question of enjoying special privileges that merely gratify worldly pride or vanity, but are not essential to human welfare or true happiness, one can understand why they should be discounted. Moreover, it is plain that with all the good will and understanding in the world, the best of us are unable by our own unaided efforts to alter certain objective injustices in the origin of which neither the Church nor its members had any share. But it will remain an obstacle to the conversion of the colored race if our Catholic laity, as a body, remain in ignorance of the perfectly simple, legitimate aims of their Catholic colored brethren, when these aims imply merely the facilities for enjoying life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in accordance not only with the rights, but with the simple needs of the average citizen, and of being protected from things that naturally lead to public disorder and violence. Such ignorance arises from the source that we have deplored in previous articles, the lack of personal contact and conference of our educated Catholic laity with the better element among the colored people.

A second obstacle concerns the grievances of the Catholic Negro in particular, relating to un-Catholic practices from the part of fellow-Catholics, which are peculiarly painful when they occur in sections of the country, like our Northern cities, where they cannot even plead the excuse of legal sanctions or well-established social traditions. We may not see the immediate remedy for all these grievances, we may have to counsel patience and even some degree of silence in certain instances, and great trust in our anxious Pastors both of high and of low degree who deplore them intensely. Nevertheless no one can deny that they are an objective injustice, and that they are bitterly felt by a larger number of people than is commonly imagined; people who are not all simple and unsophisticated, but sensitive and sometimes highly cultured. Moreover, they are not only hindering conversions, not only exposing the Catholic Negro in the Northern cities to taunts from his non-Catholic brethren, but positively helping towards the defection from the Church of a considerable element amongst our more intelligent Catholic colored youth.

These practices may be summed up as follows: First, there are discriminatory practices in our churches themselves, which are based on the unchristian sentiment of prejudice against the stranger. I am not referring to well-established instances where, for the religious interests of their own number, and because of purely local conditions, the colored members of a congregation have themselves welcomed special provisions that are made in their own behalf. But in regions where any form of discrimination is cried down by Catholics as an injustice, it is felt as a contradiction that an inoffensive individual should be made to feel that he is distinctly unwelcome in the

House of God; and this sometimes at the hands of those whose ancestors felt most keenly the sting of disabilities and humiliations.

A second source of misunderstanding is found when the colored child is unable to avail himself, in our Northern communities, of the facilities for elementary Catholic education that are supposed to extend as a matter of general obligation, to all, and is consequently driven to seek refuge in the more tolerant atmosphere of the public school.

A third source is the lack of opportunities whereby the talented youth of both sexes may fit themselves for the higher service of their race, and thereby combat those very evils of paganism and materialism that are threatening their total ruin. Out of 300 Negroes who graduated last year from white colleges in this country, out of 1,500 who graduated from white and colored colleges alike, only five were Catholics. Since space forbids my enlarging on this situation, I leave it to the reader to make his own reflections and conclusions.

Another obstacle, until the efforts made in the last few years, has been the total absence of any share by our Northern Catholic laymen in any constructive movements leading to the betterment of actual living conditions of the colored race, similar to the work of Hampton, Tuskegee, etc., or of the National Urban League. I shall speak of this point in the next paper.

To ignore these grievances entirely is simply to force, as a result, an unhealthy spirit of race solidarity, on an entirely materialistic basis, a most disastrous consequence. Our ultimate test of the matter is: shall our final guide in such questions be principle or expediency? That endless prudence and patience are needed is freely acknowledged by the Negroes themselves. Nevertheless expediency as an ultimate guide is something alien to the Church. It is rather a policy imbibed from the irreligious atmosphere which we are obliged to breathe. We may counsel patience with wrongs, but our religion forbids us ever wholly to acquiesce in them. The least we can do is to implore, not only privately, but by public prayers and Novenas, the light of the Holy Spirit and a substantial change of heart for ourselves and our fellow-countrymen.

#### DEEP WATERS

Should I launch out into the mighty deep  
Of Thy great love, and should I leave behind  
All else beloved, I fear that I would find  
Myself adrift, and then, that Thou wouldst sweep  
Me on and on, and round about me heap  
Such lofty waves, that I could never mount the crest  
That towers above me. Foolish! fearing lest  
He, the Author of those waves should sleep.

Yet; I will bravely push my little barque  
Far out beyond the breakers and their roar,  
Nor shall I heed the tempest, nor the dark  
Of sullen nights, for ever, more and more  
My boat will bear me toward calm waters. Peace,  
Then, and love, and of all fears surcease.

CAROL STONE.

## The Franciscan Celebration at Assisi

THOMAS O'HAGAN

Special Correspondent of AMERICA

TODAY the religious festivities that have marked the Franciscan Year in Italy, since their ceremony of inauguration on July 20, reached their culmination in the celebration of the seventh centenary of the death of St. Francis. It is the glory of Umbria that it has cradled two of the most notable saints in the Catholic Church—St. Benedict and St. Francis—whose spiritual labors have fructified through the centuries, transforming pride and selfishness into a triumph of poverty and prayer; setting man free from the vice of covetousness, and exalting the virtue of humility high above the mere self-abasement of human consciousness.

It was here in Assisi, now "lean and emaciated with years and the ecstasies of spiritual life," that the little *Poverello* whose sanctity has so touched the soul of the world that he has become the chosen Saint of all mankind was born as the closing years of the twelfth century had begun to wane.

As you walk the silent streets—today throbbing with the eager and countless step of pilgrims from every land—you feel as if a very benediction were descending upon you. Turn your eyes for a moment from the great procession of cardinals, prelates, priests and people wending their way to the Basilica of St. Francis, and look out upon the beautiful Umbrian valley, through which the historic Tiber flows, hemmed in by olive orchards, and with purple hills in the distance, and a very peace of God seems to rest everywhere. It is indeed "Umbria Mystica."

Around the life and work of "The Poor Little Man" of Assisi, who is indeed "Everybody's Saint," has gathered a more varied and a richer literature than around that of any other saint. No doubt some of it is mythical or legendary; for man loves to create even a spiritual hero or saint after his own liking. But enough is substantiated by witness and fact, in the life of this true man of God, that we may reverence in faith his great work for the spiritual kingdom of God, and take to our heart his Divine lesson of wisdom.

What I would like especially to emphasize in the life of this Saint, whose seventh centenary is being celebrated today, in this the most historic and sanctified of the cities of Umbria, is the fact that he preached the joy of religious life. Not only did he, as a writer says, transform monachism by uprooting the stationary monk and delivering him from the bondage of property, but he sent the mendicant friar to the crowded haunts of men to console them and teach them the joy of religion.

St. Francis was truly God's Troubadour, and he founded his Order upon the knighthood and chivalry of

the times. He was in the world of poesy a forerunner of Dante; but he was much more: for in his blood were mingled the Provençal strain and the Umbrian high courtesy to heaven.

He was born at a time when confusion, and, I was going to say, a kind of lawless anarchy under the guise of government reigned well nigh everywhere in the Italian peninsula. Where had been pillage and strife St. Francis established the peace of God. Never before had such a revolution been wrought within the savage and unbridled realms of warring instinct as that wrought by St. Francis and his brown-hooded followers. Within the span of but a few years after the establishment of the Order, at a meeting of the first Chapter in Assisi, the number of members had reached five thousand.

Paul Sabatier, in his "Life of St. Francis," gives us an admirable pen picture of the first days of "The Joyous Penitents" who followed in the wake of St. Francis, designating themselves *Joculatores Domini*—God's Jongleurs. Truly, then, does a poet of our day designate in his verse St. Francis as "The Singing Saint":

"St. Francis walked in Umbria  
Seven hundred years ago;  
His soul was gladdened at the sight  
Of those strong hills, where all the night  
The fireflies dance, and silver light  
Gleams where the olives grow.

With lowly men in Umbria  
He sang the sweet refrains  
Of southern songs that lift the heart;  
He preached the Faith in church and mart,  
Until the skies were torn apart,  
And Christ walked in the plains.

The little man of Umbria  
He praised with all his might  
The Lord who made the little things,  
Who fashioned birds with beating wings,  
And slaked the earth with water-springs,  
And dowered with stars the night.

The faith he found in Umbria  
He taught it to the throng;  
For emblem of the Faith he took  
Not lowered eyes and solemn look,  
Not frozen heart nor printed book,  
But laughter and loud song."

But not alone in the spiritual world has the influence of St. Francis been great, but also in the world of poetry and art. While it was reserved for the sons of St. Dominic



to provide such painters as Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolommeo, the "Little Man" of Assisi, with the plenitude of his life and labors, has touched in beauty and ecstasy more canvases, and glorified the painter's brush more, than any other saint in the Church. Indeed the whole mystic school of painters derives from him its inspiration and beginnings. Altogether, too, the *Iconografia Francescana* shows that there are more than five hundred paintings in the various museums and churches of Europe which are, in whole or in part, inspired by St. Francis and his life work.

This inspiration was really the beginning of Christian art delivered from the bonds of Byzantinism. To the Basilica of St. Francis in Assisi came artists from Florence and Siena and Perugia. Cimabue was one of the first, followed by the great Giotto and the masterly historical painter of Siena, Lorenzetti. Their splendid work is seen today. Giotto tells the whole story of the life of St. Francis in his marvelous frescoes in the Basilica of St. Francis.

In this wondrous Basilica is being celebrated today with a spiritual pomp and religious fervor the seventh centenary of the death of St. Francis. Since the inception of these religious festivals, marking incidents in the life of this great Saint, in July last, the program of celebrations has been one great series of spiritual festivals, of religious commemorations, musical concerts and eucharistic processions. But not alone in Assisi but wherever the sandalled foot of this little Saint of God has trodden and imprinted blessings on the soil, like celebrations have taken place. Especially has this been the case at Mount La Verna, where St. Francis received the Stigmata; and, of course, too, at St. Mary's of the Angels, where the first Chapter of the Order was held, and where surrounded by his Franciscan brothers, St. Francis passed to his reward. Everywhere in Umbria and Tuscany, the immediate fields of his labors, there has been kept in memory his passing away.

On Sunday, October 3, Cardinal Merry del Val as Pontifical Legate representing the Holy Father, being also Protector of the Order of Conventual Franciscans, arrived at the Assisi Station in a special car. Proceeding to the Basilica of St. Mary's of the Angels, the Papal Legate was received at the door by their Eminences, Cardinal Bonzano and Cardinal Pignatelli di Belmonte, Protectors respectively of the Minorite Franciscans and the Capuchins. After Cardinal Bonzano had paid special homage to the Cardinal Legate, a cortege was formed and the three Cardinals repaired to the Basilica of St. Francis, at the entrance to which the Papal Legate received the homage of the Bishop of Assisi.

After the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament and the veneration of the tomb of St. Francis, with Cardinal Merry del Val seated on his throne, the master of ceremonies read the Pontifical Brief in Latin appointing him as Papal Legate, while the translation of the Brief, in Italian, was read by Father Antonelli, the custodian of the Basilica.

It should be noted here that the Italian Government

representing the civil power heartily cooperated with the Church in the centenary celebrations. The fourth of October was declared a national holiday by the State and special postage stamps were issued commemorating the festival.

The Prime Minister of Italy, Mussolini, appointed Signor Fedele, the Minister of Public Instruction, as the representative of the Italian Government at the celebration, while the *Duce* himself came up from Rome to share in the happy festivities of the whole nation.

Imposing and full of spiritual grandeur was the Solemn Pontifical Mass celebrated in the Basilica this morning, October 4, by the Papal Legate, assisted by their Eminences, Cardinals Bonzano, Granito Pignatelli, Ceretti and Laurenti. The Basilica was richly decorated and illuminated. The most precious and treasured tapestries draped the sides of the altars. There were exposed also the relics of St. Francis, amongst which was the white tunic still bearing the stains of the stigmata.

At the Gospel, the celebrant of the Mass, Cardinal Merry del Val, preached a touching and appropriate sermon, based on the humility of St. Francis. "Humility," he said, "was the basis of the sanctity of St. Francis; not the humility of a kind of vague sentiment sometimes veiled under hypocrisy, but the Christian humility which belongs to heroic truth and virtue."

This evening there was executed for the first time, in the Basilica, in commemoration of the Franciscan Festival, a symphonic poem in three parts written by Emidio Mucci, the music being by Licinio Refice. The three parts which make up this musical poem are: The Nuptials of Lady Poverty; the Stigmata, and the Death and Glorification. This musical composition which was directed by the author himself is suffused with the spirit and story of St. Francis, and was presented with great success. The very music has in it something of the mysticism and sweetness of the Seraphic Saint, the seventh centenary of whose death has been so fittingly celebrated by the Catholic Church in this little shrunken medieval town, hallowed through the centuries by the tears and footsteps of so many pious and penitent pilgrims.

#### SEA-CORAL

Below the warm, slow pulsing of the waves,  
While golden tongues of sunlight lick the sea,  
On pillars of mew and shipmen's weedy graves,  
The tiny coral labors ceaselessly,  
Carving and welding and building, with tireless hands,  
(Whose fingers dwarf in size a grain of sand)  
The mammoth, underwater reefs and lands,  
Where trees of emerald lace in silence stand.  
Never the giant hammer-blows of ocean,  
Nor the savage teeth of the wind can mar its art;  
For, schooled in strange, infinitesimal motion,  
It molds the rhythm of the sea's vast heart.  
And, trained in mathematical design  
Of architecture, towering mountain-strong,  
A mite—it shapes the mighty curve and line  
Of glittering reefs that sing its funeral-song.

J. CORSON MILLER.

## Another Review of A Book Advertisement

WILLIAM WALSH

**F**ROM the top of a full-page advertisement in the book review section of my favorite New York Sunday newspaper, two lines of heavy black print fairly leap out to smite the reader between the eyes:

I HAVE NOT THE SLIGHTEST DESIRE TO GO TO HEAVEN

A reader's reaction to this public confession of faith will depend on his education, experience, and habits of thought. My own sensations, I may as well admit, were far from enthusiastic. I wondered, a little sleepily, who was roasting the old Church now, and probably would have turned the page and let it go at that, had I not caught sight of a photograph just under the caption.

I found myself face to face with the likeness of a middle-aged gentleman with dignified, not to say scholarly whiskers, an alert and acquisitive eye, a generous ear, and a rather parsimonious but well-shaped nose. On the whole, not a bad head. Such a head I had often seen on lecture platforms. I once knew a high school principal, a worthy man who looked like that.

This man might have been a physician in the days when doctors wore whiskers to give them an air of authority and preternatural gravity. A Hamlet musing on this picture might well ask, "Why might not that be the skull of a lawyer?" or conclude, "It might be the pate of a politician—one that would circumvent God." At any rate, it would not have occurred to me that the gentleman was a professional iconoclast. A disclaimer of any ambition to become a saint might have been expected from some smart European diabolist; from some Irishman gone fantree like the fecal-minded James Joyce or that suave satyr of modern paganism, George Moore; from some poetaster trying to rouse the jaded echoes of Greenwich Village with his message of "Down with Everything." But here was a citizen with a respectable, even a substantial look. He might even be a college professor. I read on.

*Read why the author does not believe in Heaven and Hell—why he considers orthodox religion as nothing more than ignorant superstition—what he prophesies the religion of the future will be.*

It was the last part, I imagine, that made me finish the advertisement. One can dip into the intellectual treasures of a college professor almost any day, but a prophet is a rare bird. Pythonical abilities are so rarely bestowed by the powers above (or below, for there is always a "down" to every "up") that any prophet, even a minor one, is entitled to a hearing at least until the value of his message be appraised. But when the monstrous egg of time cracks open and thrusts into the cold world a prophet of the first water ("first plumage," perhaps would be more consistent with the figure) the world would do well to listen and be dumb.

This is a prophet with a long range of vision, or there is no such thing as prophecy. To him a thousand years are as yesterday. He admits, with a frank modesty and

a commendable caution, that "it will probably be at least a thousand years before the beliefs outlined in this book will become the faith of even the majority of the human race": but he adds for our consolation that "the day is coming when it will be the one universal faith of the whole world, which nothing will be able to shake, and nothing will be wanted to supplant."

An echo stirred uneasily in the cellage of my memory: "Upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it." But our Lord was a little more conservative in the claims He made for His Church; for though He sent His apostles forth to teach all nations, He did not predict that Christians would ever escape the hatred of the world, or muster a bare majority before the crack of doom. It was a cold day for Christianity, however, when Mr. R. F. Foster girded himself to shake the gates of heaven, and bring our dogmas rattling down about our ears.

"What do I care about a harp and a crown, or a pair of golden slippers to walk the golden streets?" he cries in the wilderness of orthodoxy; and the advertising man is so aghast at his daring that he exclaims:

With such utter frankness as this, R. F. Foster dares to face the dogmas of Christianity. He turns the cold light of logic upon our religious beliefs and shows why he considers them inconsistent and childish. . . . Twenty years ago it would probably have been impossible to find a publisher to print this book. But now, with the increased freedom of thought of the present day, with the growing dissatisfaction on the part of many people with orthodox religion, Mr. Foster feels the time is ripe to give his message to the world.

What kind of orthodoxy has this prophet had the misfortune to grow up in, that his spleen has been turned forever against all orthodoxies? I have yet to meet a Catholic, however stupid or uneducated, who clings to such a vulgar conception of Heaven. The harp and the golden streets, if I mistake not, have served rather to adorn the exhortations at the fervent camp meetin's of some of our separated brethren. The words conjure up the perspiring countenance and glassy eyes of the Reverend Billy Sunday, the sawdust trail full of sobbing sisters coming home to God, and the sleek Homer Rodeheaver, advertised far and wide as "the celebrated slip-horn artist," egging on the choir of screaming voices in such naive canticles as "Brighten the Corner Where You Are," and "The Brewer's Big Hosses Won't Run Over Me."

The harp and the gold sidewalks hardly suggest an *Agnus Dei* or an *O Salutaris Hostia* beautifully chanted in the hushed and reverent austerity of a Gothic cathedral; no, not even the earnestness of a little nun teaching a Catholic Sunday school class the pith of all that the most sublime philosophers of the ages have ever learned about reality—that it is eternal happiness in the presence of God.



But I would not be guilty of blaming the ill-taught preacher who endeavors to make his idea of heaven concrete and understandable to his hearers by symbolizing it in terms of human and even vulgar aspiration. It is better for a man to believe in a heaven paved with gold than to believe in some vague philosophical heaven which is really, as Mr. Chesterton has said somewhere, a hell in disguise. The fact that a man visualizes a heaven with gold pavements does not prove the non-existence of heaven, any more than the expectation of simple immigrants that the streets of New York would be paved with gold demonstrates that New York is only a phantom of medieval imagination.

This kind of thinking makes no allowance for the first and most obvious truth about man: that man is a fact, he is what he is, and not something else. Man's thinking is bounded by human categories; it is when he attempts to think as a Superior Being that he makes himself as ridiculous as a dog in a dress suit. Burke had something of this sort in mind, perhaps, when he said that one should hesitate to destroy even the harmless superstitions of mankind; for "superstition is the religion of feeble minds." Burke meant, I dare say, that it is better for a man to believe in something than to believe in nothing. And that is why a Catholic would relieve a fellow-creature of a belief in a gold-paved heaven only to give him assurance of a spiritual heaven defying the imagination to describe. But the perspective of such philosophers as Mr. Foster is so vast that it leaps over trivial distinctions.

"If you will be candid with yourself and get down to a concrete conception of what you call God," the advertisement continues under the caption, "Is This Blasphemy?"—and one imagines the author congratulating himself that it is—"you will probably admit that while you speak of Him as a Spirit, your mental vision shadows forth something on the order of a venerable old man with a long beard."

Well, what of it?

If the sentence quoted means anything, it is intended to convey the thought that because religion is more or less anthropomorphic (in short, because men are incurably men), God does not exist; that because some think of Him as an old man, He does not reign as a God. As a matter of fact it proves nothing at all except the mental limitations of the man who uses it. God is, whatever any one may please to think of Him. The argument, though never quite so nakedly exhibited, is something like this:

(1) *Proposition*: There is no God.

*Proof*: A man thinks of God as a man. But God is not a man. Therefore it is clear there is no God. Q. E. D.

(2) *Proposition*: There is no such thing as a man.

*Proof*: A dog probably thinks of a man as a large dog on its hind legs. But a man is not a dog. Therefore, there is no such thing as a man. Q. E. D.

But professors of this easy philosophy seldom reduce their thinking to propositions, much less corollaries. Their meat is gratuitous assertion.

## The Triumphs of Newman's Failures

JOSEPH J. REILLY

(The first of two articles)

SOME men are so fortunate in life that neither failure nor disappointment appears to touch them. Their high desires are never denied; success smiles unceasingly; fortune save for rare and inconsequent moments never averts her face. They make their mark at school and college; they achieve brilliantly in the after-struggle for success; they are the objects of a natural but not bitter envy and are fêted and flattered by a world which accepts their good fortune as honestly come by and yields them unquestioning deference. Such a man, for instance, was Macaulay.

Other men seem born to be the sport of Fate. At first she may smile upon them, but eventually she turns her face away and scarcely deigns them a glance thereafter. The logic of their ideals carries them far afield; they are wounded in vulnerable places; their very emotions which, blameless and even high, should be crowned with merited happiness, point towards Eden but lead to Gethsemane. Such a man was Ruskin.

Some men seem to be the objects of a special Providence. They put that pregnant question, *Domine, quid vis me facere?*—hearken humbly for the answer, and, when its whisper reaches them, reply, *Fiat voluntas tua*. With undivided mind they do their part, valiantly, zealously, unquestioningly, always obedient to the Voice. Whenever it summons, they follow, even into places where they see no light, their hesitancy gone, faith in the Voice banishing fear.

Often the vision of success is denied them; they are aware only of seeming failures and yet they go on, divinely trustful that some day, somehow, the fruitage of their years may be rich for another's garnering. To a few is granted more than this. Their faith and their valiancy have rich rewards; they are denied only to be given; they are humbled only to be exalted; their failures are transmuted into triumphs; their hours of darkness usher in the dawn. Such men are rare; and Newman was of them.

At Ealing Newman was an exceptional student and no one who followed his career on into Trinity College, Oxford, felt a doubt of his brilliant success in the examinations for final honors. To everybody's amazement he failed to achieve them. The fault was not his. He had been diligent and eager, too diligent and too eager perhaps; for he was tired out at the last and suffered the inevitable reaction.

Newman was painfully sensitive and, in spite of his brave assurances to his father that all was well, his failure cut him to the quick. His record at Trinity had made him a marked man with both undergraduates and dons but the end of his course had proved to be an unexpected and depressing anticlimax. In his own thoughts he was under a cloud. Of course he had secured his degree but he was not the man to be satisfied with any

half-success and, to understand him at all is to realize that, in his own eyes, he had sustained his first great defeat.

At that time Oriel College was the center of intellectual Oxford and to win an Oriel Fellowship was to display such distinction of mind and erudition as insured one a place for life among Oxford "immortals." The examinations were exhaustive and exhausting and were conducted by the Oriel luminaries themselves who, Olympians all, guarded jealously the narrow way which led to a place in their high company.

To the astonishment of his friends Newman announced himself as a candidate for an Oriel Fellowship. Everybody shook his head gravely and, remembering Newman's recent ill-success, predicted another attack of nerves and fatigue and a second, and more harrowing, failure.

Mid-April, 1822, came and with it the dread examinations. As day followed day the austere lad, stoop-shouldered and drawn, made his way across the grassy quadrangle of Oriel, up the broad steps, and disappeared for hours within the beautiful carved stone entrance to face in oral and in written examinations the searching trial to which the Olympians put him.

At last came Friday of Easter week and the Provost's butler appeared at Newman's door, found him playing on his violin and, disconcerted, blurted out: "Pardon, sir, but I have, I fear, disagreeable news to announce. You have just been elected a Fellow of Oriel!" The news electrified Oxford. Even "tradesmen with eloquent faces and eager bows" (as Newman recalled fifty years later) went out of their way to greet him and all the great dons sought him out to offer congratulations. All his long life Newman cherished that occasion "as, in a human sense, the happiest of his life." Small wonder. His first real defeat had been retrieved by a brilliant victory.

When Newman returned from his Mediterranean voyage in 1833 and listened to John Keble's great sermon on "National Apostasy" he felt he knew why the Sicilian fever had spared him and a voice had said: "You shall not die, for you have a work to do in England." He must form one of a zealous brotherhood, a fiery apostolate, that would consecrate its years to the high mission of reclaiming England to a revitalized Anglicanism. The task was enormous and only men with such hearts and wills as Keble's, Pusey's, and Newman's would have dared to dream of it.

The years that followed saw a great spiritual crusade into whose forefront the force of events and his own genius gradually thrust John Henry Newman. Tireless, eager, divinely solicitous for spiritual conquest, he threw himself mind and heart into the Tractarian Movement. He was a kind of Protestant Loyola, although his blood was English instead of Spanish, his stage the nineteenth instead of the sixteenth century.

His spirits were high, for though the masses were indifferent, the stir of a new life quickened the moral pulses of the more serious-minded clergy; and, best of all, the "hope of the future," young Oxford, held New-

man dear, felt the spiritual leaven of his gospel, and responded with an ardor which reminded him of the heyday of the early Christian Church which was his ideal.

Then the blow fell. Across the radiant horizon of his hopes appeared a cloud, at first no bigger than a man's hand, which seemed for a time to melt away but soon returned to grow and darken until it obscured his sun. It was doubt, doubt of the truths he professed and sought to strengthen in the hearts of his people; doubt of his creed, of the sacraments he conferred, of the orders he had assumed, of the prerogatives he claimed as one of the anointed.

Sick at heart, tortured by uncertainty, groping as it were, among shadows, Newman gave up the pulpit of St. Mary's and retired to Littlemore. In vain he sought to find a way out, to banish his doubts, to recover his old faith. But his doubts closed in upon him darker than before, obscuring his vision, blurring his path, halting his steps until Newman, in agony of soul, knew that the sun of his Anglican faith had set forever. That was his second great defeat.

Two years passed in almost cloistral seclusion before the lonely and perplexed Newman found light amid his darkness. A new dawn broke for him, clear and unclouded, such as he had never known before, and to his weary eyes Truth stood revealed at last. Here was the Blessed Vision of Peace bringing with it perfect conviction and undying faith; and in that solemn hour when, with tears of joy, he was received into the Catholic Church he saw his bitterest defeat become his sweetest victory.

Yet even here defeats awaited him. As a Catholic Newman's career had the same quality of triumph rising from disaster.

#### THERE IS A DORSET ORCHARD

There is a Dorset orchard

With many a stooping tree,

And there in shadowed grasses

Once lay a lad like me.

And all that filled his fancy,

Or touched his heart-strings then

Were dreams of wave and anchor,

And ships and sailing-men.

And if the landward breezes

Rustled an apple tree,

He knew it for a signal

And summons of the sea. . . .

Now my wind-bitten fingers

Grow slack on rope and rail;

And sick I am of shifting decks

And mast and wheel and sail.

For in the long night watches

On winds that touch and pass,

I hear the Dorset apples

Fall heavy in the grass.

And through the blazing day-time,

When the waters pause for breath,

I'm thinking of the light rain

Across the Dorset heath.

MAIRE NIC PILIP.



## A Death-Bed Reconciliation

RONALD KNOX

THE other day, down in the West Country, I read a letter from a clergyman to the local paper. It was concerned with the reconciliation to the Church, on his death-bed, of a convert who had become a priest (I think), and then relapsed into heresy. In the letter full names were given; it seems to me the part of delicacy to suppress them; I wish that the clergyman had done the same. For, after all, there are personal feelings to be considered. I will call the lapsed convert A, the clergyman himself B, and the priest who effected the reconciliation, C.

A, it seems, had retired owing to ill health, and spent the extreme end of his life in B's parish. During his last illness he was attended by B, and was apparently content with these ministrations; nay, he professed his happiness, it seems, at the prospect of dying an Anglican. When he was plainly in a very low state, and no hope was entertained of his recovery, B went to his house, anointed him, and performed such other ceremonies as would suggest themselves to a diligent student and imitator of the Roman Ritual. Even then, the mind of the dying man seemed to be wandering, and it was natural to believe that he had made his last decision.

But later in the day, when B paid another visit, he was disconcerted to find the case altered. A was by this time nearly unconscious. But in the meanwhile, about an hour earlier, A's wife, a Catholic, had called in the local priest, C, who had reconciled the dying man to the Church. This is what comes of leaving the door open.

In reporting this melancholy history, B explicitly exonerates the priest, C, from all blame. But clearly he blames somebody; presumably, it is the Catholic wife. Or is it the Catholic Church as a whole? Anyhow, he says he prefers to record the fact without comment or criticism; possibly, however, we may detect a note of implied censure when he thanks God he is not a Roman Catholic.

I have been puzzling over this curious document for a week, and still I haven't got at the man's grievance. Of course, his laudable determination to let the facts speak for themselves has left some of the most important facts dark. What we naturally ask is whether A was conscious when the priest visited him, and whether it was at his own request that the priest came. B is in no position to tell us; we are driven, therefore, to examine in turn three possible hypotheses as to what really happened. Either, when the priest came, A was fully conscious, or he was in a wholly unconscious state, or he was half-conscious—in the same state, in fact, in which he was professionally attended by the clergyman, B.

Suppose, in the first place, that he was fully conscious. That means, clearly, that B has no grievance whatever. A man has surely a right to change his mind up to the last moment. It is clear that B, in his letter, tacitly rejects this hypothesis; he regards it as off the map altogether. Why? On medical or on theological grounds?

I have no skill in medicine, but surely it is the com-

monest thing in the world to read about sudden fluctuations of this kind in descriptions of death-bed scenes; to read of a patient who at one moment seems fully alive to all that is going on around him, and then relapses into stupor. Medically, it is not impossible that A should, for a brief interval, have regained his faculties; granted that he did, is it theologically impossible that, in that brief interval, he should have changed his mind about wanting to die an Anglican?

Surely the nearer approach of death might induce a man to revise his views. Indeed, it seems pertinent to ask whether A's reiterated statements to B that he was content to die an Anglican are not themselves evidence that the question was on his mind, was haunting him. We all know that there is such a thing as whistling to keep up your courage. As a matter of experience, I should say that the most convinced Anglicans are not those who always make a point of parading their Anglican convictions. Such parade has a suspicious ring about it.

In the first place, then, when he says that A was only half-conscious when he anointed him, and still half-conscious when he revisited him in the course of the same day, B is quietly asking his readers to believe that there **can have been no question** of a lucid interval in between; and that belief has no grounds to support it.

Suppose, on the other hand, that between the two visits A was quite unconscious or, rather, to be accurate, gave no signs of consciousness. In that case it is easily credible that the distressed Catholic wife may have sent for the priest, C, to know if he could do anything. What did C do? He gave, I imagine, conditional absolution. He could hardly do less, for A's unconscious state and the imminent danger of death demanded, in all charity, that he should be given the benefit of the doubt. He could hardly do more, for if the sick man could not indicate, even by a pressure of the hand, his desire for Catholic absolution, unconditional absolution would be impossible, and the remaining Sacraments would be impossible accordingly.

If C gave A conditional absolution, what grievance has B? The absolution would have no effect, was designed so as to have no effect, unless it were true that A had at some moment, without mentioning it, and perhaps without being able to mention it, revoked his allegiance to the Church of England and regained his faith in the Catholic Church. If this was true, then A really wished to die a Catholic, and B has no grievance. If this was not true, then C's words of absolution had no effect, and were designed to have no effect; once more, therefore, B has no grievance.

In order that B might have a grievance it was necessary that both complete consciousness and complete unconsciousness should be ruled out of the list of possibilities; and they were not. But let us rule them out for the sake of argument; let us suppose that A was half-conscious when the priest visited him; rather less capable, perhaps, of consecutive thought than he was when B anointed him; rather more so than when B revisited him later.

Let us suppose that A's wife persuaded him to let a priest come to his bedside, or even introduced the priest without asking his leave. Let us suppose that C, the priest, finding A incapable of speech, said to him, "Press my hand if you wish to repent of your apostasy and be received back into the Church"; that A, acting upon the suggestion, did press C's hand, and thereupon received Absolution and Extreme Unction. Has B got a grievance now?

The Catholic Church regards the Anglican orders as invalid, and B knows it. Incidentally, even if we regarded the question as doubtful, it would still be C's business to give A the last Sacraments, for in the case of an extreme emergency nothing must be left to chance. From the Catholic point of view, what has happened? Why, A has given signs of penitence, and therefore charity demands that he should receive the last offices of the Church, in the hope that all is well.

From the Anglican point of view, what has happened? Why, that A who has already (on the Anglican view) received Absolution, now receives Absolution again—does that do him any harm? Does the *absolvo te* of a Catholic priest undo the effect of his previous Absolution? The idea is folly. Furthermore, A, who (on the Anglican view) has already received Extreme Unction, receives Extreme Unction again. Well, that is irregular; Catholic decrees forbid the repetition of the Sacrament unless a fresh illness intervenes.

When A is not in the full possession of his own faculties, who is to decide what visitors may or may not come near him, unless it be his wife? And if the wife is a Catholic, how can she help believing that B's ministrations, however well-intentioned, are an empty sham, incapable of conveying sacramental grace? And if she believes that, how can she do otherwise than call in a minister of the true Church, the Church from which the sick man has strayed, but perhaps not irrevocably? It is natural that B should feel somewhat pained at having his nose put out of joint like this, because he thinks he is a Catholic priest. But he has nobody but himself to thank when he finds himself put in such a position.

If the position were reverse; if A had received Catholic ministrations first, and Protestant ministrations afterwards, we Catholics should be deeply grieved, naturally. For to us the Anglican Church is no Church, and its Sacraments are no Sacraments. The sick man would rest under the suspicion of having given in his name, with his last mortal act, to a false religion, which has no power to save him. But does B think the Catholic religion is a false religion which has no power to save him? Does he think that Extreme Unction administered by a Catholic priest is invalid? Not unless the Anglican sense of humor has been going sadly down hill since the year 1917.

What on earth does it matter to the Reverend Mr. B. whether A died an Anglican or not? He is not even certain where he will die an Anglican himself. And if he does get the grace of faith, he will thank God on his bended knees for a priest's charitable interference.

## Education

### Adapting the Curriculum

MILO F. McDONALD, PH.D.

IN the first paragraph of the article under the title of "Credits for Darning" in the issue of AMERICA for October 9, the writer, Rev. Paul L. Blakely, S.J., expresses doubt that we in America know what we mean by education. May I, therefore, offer a definition of education from the point of view of the classroom? It is this: Education is a process by which we assist the learner to know, to sympathize with, and to exercise, by reason of his rational nature, control over the fundamental values of life.

It will not be denied, I feel, by any one that of all the values in life to be achieved by a growing individual, the most important is that of character. Our elementary schools should secure for our children good habits, and our secondary schools should secure the rationalization of habits acquired, so that there will accrue to each one who has been attendant upon the instruction given in both types of schools, continuous good conduct; conduct actuated by a proper inner standard; in other words, good character.

I do not take exception at all to the point of view expressed by Father Blakely that a college is primarily an institution for those who have intellectual ability; those who are of student type. That is, I take it, what is meant by the expression that "Education is, rightly conceived, for those who can learn and who wish to learn." I do take exception, however, to the point of view, which is implicit in the article, that a secondary school exists only for those who are going to college.

It is not a question of one credit being as good as any other credit; it is a far more vital question: that of giving to every youth an opportunity to realize himself through the development of whatever native talents have been granted him. To say that "when Tommy declines to study Latin he can elect a course in automobile construction" may be smart, but it is unfortunate in that it shows a lack of appreciation of what should be, particularly from a Catholic standpoint, a proper conception of a secondary school. It implies that Tommy has only to will it to become a good student of Latin. I suppose Tommy has only to will it, too, to become a good singer, or a good draftsman.

In these fields we usually recognize native ability, but we often neglect to recognize native ability in the field of language or mathematics. Some of us who have achieved success by reason of our linguistic talent may, if we are sincere with ourselves, realize that we have "mechanical vacuums." We do not hesitate to turn our car over to a mechanic when the engine ceases to function, knowing that we are incompetent to fix it. We do not hesitate, even, to recognize that we could never, by reason of native inability, by reason of our lack of mechanical aptitude, hope to achieve success in the mechanical field; but we unhesitatingly force the individual of native mechanical ap-



itude to submit himself to a curriculum which for us, by reason of our native talents, has been an ideal secondary school training.

Whether we like it or not, the law now forces into school adolescent boys and girls. It seems to me that we who are identified with secondary schools should seize the opportunity presented to us of forming the characters of the growing boys and girls by an adaptation of curricula to their varying native talents. The prime consideration is not that we study Greek, Latin or mathematics, but rather that we apply ourselves diligently in accordance with the native capacity that has been granted us.

The prime consideration is not the curriculum, but the adolescent learner. Adolescence is a period of idealism; it is a period of great religious awakening; it is a period, though, unfortunately, when one may become marked for life as morally straight or morally crooked. Therefore, our secondary schools should think of the opportunity granted to them by reason of the presence of so many youth at this highly formative period of life. To permit each one to achieve character; to set each one upon the road which leads toward a heavenly reward, outranks any value that may lie in Latin, Greek or mathematics. We are not going to be required, I hope, to pass an entrance examination in any one of these subjects to enter Heaven. We are going to be asked what we are and what we have done with the talent which was given us.

Beyond a shade of doubt, therefore, it seems to me imperative that those who are charged with the administration of secondary schools should make an effort to adapt the curriculum to the varying abilities of the learners, since by the lack of an attempt to do this we drive out from the school, at the highest formative period of life, individuals whom the school should direct aright. It is regrettable, to my way of thinking, that we should exalt scholarship above character. This we do every time we lose a high-school pupil by reason of our insistence that he adapt himself to the curriculum we have devised, rather than by making the effort on our part to retain him through an adaptation of the curriculum to his native ability. There is no demand for any curriculum nearly so insistent as the crying demand of the day for the betterment of youth.

As a result of secondary school education, a boy or girl should become mentally, physically, socially and morally efficient. To become simply mentally efficient is not enough; neither is it enough to make only a part of our adolescent population efficient in this four-fold sense. All should become so. This should be done, not for the benefit of the adolescent only, nor for the benefit of the adolescent and society, but for the adolescent, the society in which he lives, and the honor and glory of the God whom he serves. A Susie who can darn is just as important to the world,—if not more so,—as a Susie who excels in mathematics. In fact, it might with justice be contended that we have today too many mathematical Susies and too few darning Susies.

## "A High Word"

P. L. B.

I fully agree that we have far too few darning Susies. But I cannot agree that we improve Susie's character when we permit her to abandon mathematics for darning, not because she cannot learn something about mathematics, but because she won't. That was the point of my argument, as I intended it. But if all that Susie can do is darn, why bless her little heart, let us help her to become the very best darning in all this raveled world. We may train her, but we cannot educate her, since, in the language of the day, Susie simply is not all there.

Tommy, I should say, falls under the same category. He may decline Latin either because he has no talent for Latin, or because for reasons best known to himself (perhaps known only to himself) he concludes that he has none. The will to learn Latin, Dr. McDonald reminds me, can not make him a second Aeneas Silvius. True; but without that will he can never get beyond *rosa*—*rosae*. Nor should the substitution of shop work be left wholly to him. What many a boy considers a native ability for mechanics is only a natural tendency to shirk hard work.

Let us find a place for Susie and Tommy in our high schools, if we must. But by granting half a credit for mathematics and another half for darning, let us not lay these young hopefuls and their parents, to say nothing of ourselves, under the delusion that darning and mathematics stand on the same plane in the educational process. Darning is an accomplishment, so too is the ability to repair a motor-car; and if Tommy and Susie who must willy nilly go to school are capable of nothing else, let us be content. They can lead peaceful, useful lives, and without Latin and Greek scale the battlements of the Kingdom of God.

But let us not call dexterity or what, at best, is manual training, education. "I do not say that . . . such occupations are not great gain; but they are not education," exclaims Newman. "You may as well call drawing and fencing education as a general knowledge of botany or conchology" or, I venture to add, of darning or motor-repairing. "Stuffing birds or playing stringed instruments is an elegant pastime" as scene painting may be in some of our schools, "but it is not education; it does not form or cultivate the intellect. Education is a high word; it is the preparation for knowledge and it is the imparting of knowledge in proportion to that preparation."

"Education is a high word." We shall keep it high by refusing to identify it with valuable accomplishments, or manual dexterity, or the ability to gain a livelihood, or even with the training that sets the boy and girl on paths of usefulness and virtue. Education must *form* and *cultivate* the intellect, or it is not education. The conclusion is not depressing. If only one can be educated, a thousand can be trained, and to engage in that work is worth the while of the best of us.

## Sociology

### "Gold in Them Thar Hills"

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

"**T**HAR'S gold in them thar hills!"

Rugged old Alkali Ike turned away to hide his emotion. His companions looked at him with a feeling in their hearts compounded of pity and exultation. Yes, business was business, but they wouldn't drive the old man too hard. He would find them ready to take his holdings in these hills at a fair, even a generous price. They couldn't lose; the report of the assayer showed that old Ike was right in the belief to which he had clung so stubbornly. But there are some things that an assayer's report does not show. There *was* gold in them thar hills, but the Almighty had not put it there. Honest old Alkali Ike had.

\* \* \*

Whenever I think of D. C. Stephenson who as Grand Dragon blew smoke and brimstone throughout the realm of Indiana for three years with no St. George to stay him, there comes back to me the silly old melodrama of Alkali Ike whose cunning enabled him to leave the smart city fellers holding the bag. But the story is beginning to be told backwards. In the person of D. C. Stephenson Alkali Ike is in jail for life, and the city fellers to whom he sold fool's gold are getting some of their money—and sense—back. And there is another point of disparity. Not all the dupes in Indiana were fools or criminals. When I say that they represented a fair cross section of the population of Indiana, doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs, and the rest, I hope I do not lay myself open to the libel law. Subjected to calm scrutiny, "Steve's" appeal now seems pitched only to the ignorant and the vicious, and yet "Steve" got them all, good bad and indifferent. The conclusion that there is something in our people which impels them to worship a champion, in spite of his vicious and immoral character, as long as he seems to belabor something that they hate worse than vice and immorality, appears to be allowable, perhaps inevitable. Some people detest Jews. Others would treat the Negro as a beast. Many distill the blackest venom of hatred against Catholics. "Steve" attached all but especially Catholics.

At this point let us stop to ask how long decent government can last if decent people allow themselves to be guided by hatred instead of by intelligence. Any notion of justice or charity may be passed over for the present. And when congregations of men and women band together in the name of the sweet and merciful Saviour of the world to persecute men simply because they are Catholics or Jews, or because the color of their skin is black, we are reaching the stage in which civilization itself is doomed.

In a recent issue of the *Chicago Tribune* Philip Kinsley reports an interview with one Court Asher, body-guard, aviator and confidential agent of Grand Dragon

Stephenson, before that political and religious leader went to jail. Court laments his fallen state. Times are not what they were. "When Steve was going good, he was a wonder," said the deposed agent sadly. "Billy Sunday had nothing on him as a spell-binder. We used to sit on the platform and laugh—us kleagles. A kleagle, you know, is one of the guys in on the money. We would count up the crowd as they stood there listening to Steve telling them that the pope was going to burn little children alive, and bring Christ Himself right down on that platform. We would try to figure out how much the crowd was worth, as they took the oath, blocks of hundreds—their faces turned up to Steve as though he was something holy."

There was gold in those hills and Stephenson knew how to sell it. "Sometimes like that time at Kokomo," continued Asher, "when Steve came down on the field in his airplane, they would go wild and throw money on the flag on the platform. Us kleagles would roll up the flag and stuff our pockets. We used to hire ministers at \$25 a lecture, and then get their whole congregation to join at \$10 per head. We would have a party with booze and women, then put on white robes and march back into a church, and give them back maybe \$50 of their own money, kneel in prayer, and then some of the boys would go right back to the bottles.

"I have seen lecturers step down from the platform and after talking about Christ, call me to get them a bottle of whiskey. It made me a little sick of humanity, but I had to laugh. . . .

"It was great while it lasted, but I am kind of ashamed of it now. I saw old friends and neighbors turned into deadly enemies by the klan. It was all organized by Steve who had a poison squad by which he could say one word and in a day it would be buzzing all over the State. The political slates were made up, sent into headquarters, and the day before election Steve would send out the klan ticket, all scratched and marked, and every clansman had to vote it." "Political history of the last three years," comments Mr. Kinsley, "shows whom Stephenson worked with in the big game."

But on this weird day of the woeful week of the dread month of November, men in high place in the government of the State of Indiana, who could not have been ignorant of Stephenson's true character, yet who never raised a finger to unmask him, are frantically disclaiming any connection of any kind with the wretched man now serving the first year of a life-sentence in the penitentiary. As Court Asher remarks, the history of the last five years in Indiana politics makes us a little sick of humanity. It also makes us wonder what sort of government we can have in this country when large groups of citizens work on a policy of hatred. Whatever our personal opinion of Jews, Negroes, Catholics, or any of God's children, that is the point to be noted.

\* \* \*

Let us turn for a moment to Mr. Hugh Pattison Emmons. A few short months ago Mr. Emmons ramped



through Indiana as an Exalted Cyclops; now, he says, he is only a qualified Ku Klux Klansman. "In the organization," he explained at Senator Reed's hearings in Indianapolis, "you start from Klansman, go up into the Knights of Kamelia, the Furies, the Terrors, Great Klazzeeks, Zizzards, right up to Imperial Wizard—I don't know much about that Latin—"

"That's not Latin," snapped Senator Reed. "That's imbecility."

Yes, "thar's gold in them thar hills" and, more's the pity, men exchange their honor for it and think they thereby do God and their country a service. The history of imbecility in the United States has yet to be written.

### Note and Comment

Eucharistic  
Congress Film

**T**HE official motion picture of the great Eucharistic Congress at Chicago which has been prepared for Cardinal Mundelein by the Fox Film Corporation, will have its first presentation at the Jolson Theatre, New York City, on the evening of November 8, under the patronage of His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, and it will continue for two weeks. There will be matinee and evening performances each day, including Sundays, after which the film will be shown in a number of the larger cities of the United States and Canada. A dramatic prologue will precede the film, which is an eight-reel picture. A symphony orchestra, and a large pipe organ, will furnish the music.

In the preparation of this official pictorial record of the Congress, "the world's greatest religious gathering," we are told that the services of twenty-two expert cameramen were called upon and more than 30,000 feet of film were used. A number of the "shots" of the great crowds at Chicago are startlingly realistic and are said to be among the very best examples of motion picture photography. In some of these as many as 400,000 persons are shown in and about the great Stadium on the Chicago lake-front, while the views of the enormous crowd at Mundelein, on the closing day of the Congress, and the great Eucharistic procession in the rain and hail, are believed to be the most strikingly effective motion pictures ever produced.

Of particular interest are the views taken on "the evening of the third day"—Men's Night—when more than 250,000 men crowded the Stadium for the special meeting under the auspices of the Holy Name Society. The motion picture scenes of this remarkable gathering are indescribably beautiful and depict, in a most impressive way, the great field illuminated with the candles held in the hands of the men during Benediction. This official film of the Congress will be distributed by Cardinal Mundelein with the aid of an executive committee organized to direct and supervise the showings in various parts of the country. Associated with Mgr. Quille, the General Secretary of the Congress, on this committee are Mr.

Winfield R. Sheehan, Vice-president of the Fox Corporation; Mr. J. J. McCarthy, Directing Manager of the feature films, "The Big Parade" and "Ben Hur," and Mr. Pat Casey, the President of the Vaudeville Managers' Protective Association.

Executive offices to deal with the film have been set up in New York City in Suite 1214, Longacre Building, 1472 Broadway, corner of Forty-second Street, to which all correspondence relative to the film should be addressed.

Franciscan Asceticism  
and Mysticism

**I**N commenting on certain papers read at the Eighth Annual Meeting of the Franciscan Educational Conference, whose "Report" has just reached us, the chairman of the occasion remarked that the writers had preserved the sweetness of Franciscan unction and the best traditions of Franciscan scholarship, which was to think with the heart and love with the mind. This is the contribution St. Francis himself made in enriching the world with the startling newness and bewildering beauty of his thoughts, which nevertheless were but the logic of Divine Love followed to its ultimate conclusions, as these apply to us. It was the Seventh Centenary of the death of their Seraphic Patriarch, as Father Plassmann said, which shed its brilliancy upon this meeting, at which delegates from the three branches of the Franciscan Order and from nearly all the Franciscan Provinces in this country participated. Most fittingly, the special subject for this year's conference was "the science of the saints, which is the queen of all sciences, human and divine." Who should be better able to discuss this subject than the sons of St. Francis and the brothers of St. Bonaventure?

The "Report" is characteristic of the careful scholarship at which this Educational Conference aims, and which it desires to spread throughout all the Franciscan houses, and so onward through American Catholic education and literature. What in this connection arrests our attention is the scientifically compiled "Bibliography of Franciscan Ascetical Writers," arranged according to periods by Father Victor Mills, and extending over nearly a hundred pages. But the body itself of the "Report" may well serve as a textbook upon Franciscan asceticism, covering practically the entire field in its comprehensive papers and discussions on the "Asceticism and Mysticism of St. Francis of Assisi," "The Spiritual Life According to Franciscan Masters," "The Franciscan Retreat," "Outline for a Progressive Course in Ascetical Theology," and a final study on "The Director of Souls." Each of the great Religious Orders, as one of the speakers rightly said, has its own distinctive purpose and form of spirituality impressed upon it by its Founder, for "the Spirit of the Lord does not produce sameness but a variety of gifts." The world may well be thankful for what He has bounteously bestowed upon it in the asceticism and mysticism of St. Francis of Assisi. It is one of the richest inheritances of our entire Christian civilization.

Literature

## A Viennese Poetess

ROBERT SENCOURT

THERE was never a time when, more than now, the civilized world took more interest in animals, and in wild scenes, and in sequestered philosophies, and in the growth of flowers and birds, and in the sense of a mystical presence or illumination playing over life and giving it an occult attraction, and making all our natural faculties an avenue for a power of mind or spirit. These are the new religions of whole countries, and nowhere more generally than in America and in Germany.

And that is why there is a special interest for America in Catholicism's new convert, Erika Spann-Rheinsch, the Viennese poetess, who was born in Bavaria and brought up a Protestant, and found her way to the Church through just those things we have been enumerating: through her love for woods and mountains, and quaint old German scenes, of spiritual philosophers like Buddha, and Lao-tse, and Paracelsus. For in and through these she caught the gleams of another light, brighter, finer, nearer than theirs, a light which was at once both love and life, because, showing the good to be both livelier and more loving than she had guessed it from her knowledge of human philosophies and natural experiences, it impregnated her own nature with something other than and diviner than herself, the grace of the immaculate, the indefectible, a likeness to share with Him who dwells in inaccessible light.

It is true that we are all encompassed with a certain living mystery, immanent both in ourselves and in what surrounds us, and in relation to ourselves transcendent. "Mornings are mysteries" wrote a Welsh poet of the seventeenth century, and in the wine of bracing air, in the glittering snow of stainless peaks, in the bloom of sunny orchards in early April, in walks by cascading water among larches, in the hints and dreams of a supernal rapture, in the glow of an eye newly and uniquely intimate, in the wonder of mutual nearness where romance gives edge to an attraction, and yet again in that craving for hidden wisdom which seems to come on us in flashes from the depths of a congenial inspiration, in all that is indescribable in the viewless power of the poet's words, or in the unspeakableness of the tunes and notes of voices or stringed instruments, in all the sense of a vibration, of a thrill, of an echo from afar, is the power of a rapture, a transfusion which changes life into a communion with a hidden heart, beating beneath creation. The poetry of Erika Spann-Rheinsch tells us of spiritual adventures among immanent mysteries and presences till she finds herself in the household and court of God.

She knows of the craving for the exotic which has marked the Central Empires in her day, and perhaps since the time of Heine; but looking not to the luxuriant vegetation or the strange crowded life of Eastern cities, she searches both India and China for the old masters of

oriental wisdom, and she combines her studies of them with that love of nature, and that prevailing mysticism which have deepened their hold on Germany ever since the Classic age of Goethe and of Schiller. All her deepest longings and thoughts revive in her as she looks up on a clear night of stars and thinks how often the seers of distant ages have learnt wisdom from its moving lights.

At this moon the Buddha gazing wondered,  
These bright stars has likewise Lao-tse seen,  
Long, long ago, through years of many a hundred,  
Plato saw this selfsame sky display its sheen.

Born so late in time, yet take me also  
In the school of your unending course,  
Golden teachers, make me yet your pupil,  
Pour the light of wisdom from its source.

An improvised translation into verse can give a hint as to the meaning and the meter of the poetess, but tells nothing of the melodious effects her mastery of German gives her, or the freshness of her phrase and tasteful imagery. Few of her poems are more delightful than her picture of the ecstasy of the baby Buddha, as the palms of his park took on a magical sheen, and the rainbow ended shimmering on flowers.

And a quiet, such as no child ever tasted,  
Wrapt him sweetly round o'er face and knee.  
Inwardly he felt that one had changed him,  
Made him self-sufficing, made him free.

Songs of heaven echoed through the room,  
Virgin angels strewed their flowers sweet,  
Down upon the rose of apple bloom,  
Where the sun child crossed his tiny feet.

The earth is full of wonders to the poetess and heaven lies not only about her infancy, but over all her paths. The Buddha, in her early years, she celebrated hardly less happily than Christ transfigured, when His woollen robe shone like snow in lightning, and the prophets Moses and Elias spoke to Him in solemn awe, and around Him knelt adoring cherubs, covered with their shimmering wings. And as one disciple turns to the other, still, enrapt, with the words "Ah, wherefore wander more, is not our last end here? Here let us temples build."—the beams fade, and the Lord sits silent with the three disciples in the gray of falling night.

For into all the magnificence of the world, and all the rapture and revelations of the spiritual life, sorrow, or a sense of something wanting, enters, and means that the spiritual life still has a sense of effort, still means the discipline of self-privacy. Oftentimes we are inwardly unready, but in a moment, in the smart of pain, in the throes of grief, in the stress of love, comes a flow of grace, and blessedness falls upon our constraint like the sun rising at midnight, flaming and clear. Longing implies a hope, a fulfilment; grief has its holy assuagements, and in the moment of doubt, even death turns to a dream. So in one of the most telling of her sonnets, the poetess relates how once towards midnight, she sat mooning on a gravestone, and death, clothed in nothingness, appeared and disturbed the stillness of the night. "Why comest thou here?" he asked. "Here all sleeps in grim night:



here are no spiritual graces given." But even as he spoke, a flower fluttered in the light of the full moon, and said "See me! Whence have I come? Shall He who made and formed me be other than immortal? Dost thou not also make and form? Dost thou not also gaze outward upon the world and in upon thyself? Art thou not spirit, born of the spirit of God?"

Seeking to discover deep secrets from the sublimities of creation, her thoughts on haste and quiet, recalling that wonderful passage in the "Timaeus" where Plato speaks of time as the mirror of eternity, remind us that still pools are clearest mirrors.

The more thy haste,  
The more thou seest how Time has fluttered and raced.  
The stiller a man lies,  
So ever lighter rise,  
So ever broader press,  
The beating wings of everlastingness.

But the interest of Erika Spann-Rheinsch's mystical poems is not merely mysticism; she believes that a spiritual regeneration is the need of Germany, and she writes more as a patriot than as a poetess. In "Dem Führer," her anxieties are not for her mother-country only but for the world: but the finest of her poems "Erzengel Deutschlands" is a prayer to St. Michael, and a prayer that prophecies that Germany will arise from the trial of famine and disillusion to a new rôle in history, where the magnificence and sweetness of the old traditions will be cleansed from the contagion of materialism and jingoism which spreads among the cleanliness and culture, the order and the comfort of the empire in its triumph. One looks forward with eager interest to a new movement of the genius of the poetess in the stimulation she will find in the new treasury of wisdom that she has made her own. For such poetry would be even fuller of promise for Germany. If that still vast country can combine all that was best in her tastes and her strength with what, a hundred years ago, was so charming in her traditions, she may yet play the part to which these melodious verses finely invite her.

#### A POET DOES NOT DIE

Do not pity me.  
I have escaped  
The shrouded shell you mourn.

My being now has leapt  
The vaulted height  
Where my bold thoughts were flung.

And all the joy I hold,  
My fancy caught  
In fantom wanderings.

My life, enormous grown,  
Sustains itself  
Upon the meat of dreams.

Do not mourn for clay.  
I live, I breathe  
In my still glowing words.

CATHAL CANTY.

#### REVIEWS

**Social Theories of the Middle Ages: 1200-1500.** By BEDE JARRETT, O.P. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$4.00.

After reading this volume by the distinguished English Dominican, the reviewer ventures the remark, extravagant though it may appear, that no student of ecclesiastical history and especially of its social phases during the three hundred years covered by the book should fail to read it; unfamiliarity with its contents would make one's authority on Catholic social theories very questionable. The author is concerned merely with stating and explaining these theories. He does not interpret them, does not pass judgment on them. He discusses all the great social problems—law, education, women, slavery, art, war, money-making. He has gathered his material from medieval source books and he does not fail to acquaint the reader with those sources. What he must laboriously have read he has narrated interestingly and entertainingly. Perhaps he is at his best in the clarity with which he hinges the sociology of the time with the philosophical and theological holdings of contemporary scholastics. Twentieth century "reformers" will probably be surprised, should they read the book, to find how many of the social theories we take credit for as being creatures of our own civilization were germinally, if not completely, heirlooms from the Middle Ages. If one would single out any of the essays as being distinctly meritorious they might be perhaps the first two on Law and Education. In the former jurists will find some bedrock principles furnishing substantial food for profitable thought. In the latter pedagogues will learn that their science has not advanced a great deal since the days of Vincent de Beauvais, Humbert de Romans, Tolomeo de Lucca and especially Mafeo Vegio of Lodi. There is much that is quaintly informative in Father Jarrett's volume; much too that is intellectually stimulating. Best of all it is another grand tribute to the wisdom of Holy Mother the Church; in a sense an added pragmatic argument for her Divinity.

W. I. L.

**The Road Round Ireland.** By PADRAIC COLUM. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.00.

There are some phases of Ireland and Irish life about which Mr. Colum knows a great deal, probably more than most Irishmen. He knows them so well because he was born and reared in Ireland and because he has spent many of his maturer years out of Ireland. Only a native can fully understand Ireland in its entirety and only an expatriate can wholly appreciate the complex genius of the Irish race. Though Mr. Colum has mastered the "idiom" of Ireland in a remarkable degree and though he evaluates the country with some discernment, he does not win full assent to all that he asserts. Any man who expresses any opinion about Irish affairs of the present years is combated by a host of men each one of whom has his own, individual personal opinion. Mr. Colum approves of the Treaty and of the men who have put it into operation, and that straightway rouses up an Irish opposition to him. He has a few ambiguous statements about the clergy, and fails to point out the decadence in the writings of such men as George Moore and James Joyce, and that makes him suspect in other circles. But apart from matters like these, Mr. Colum has written an exuberant story of the real Ireland, a story that carries you back across the years and the miles, that makes you dream of the thatched homes and the green fields and the people with the witty tongue in their heads, that rouses a longing to be once more in Ireland. The road that Mr. Colum follows does not encircle all of Ireland; there are gaps in it here and there, the largest of these being in North-eastern Ulster. That is well, for Belfast and its environs would not fit well with the other counties. Along this road, Mr. Colum is a meditative wanderer. Here he peeps into one of the great houses and there he lingers in a farmer's home. He attends a "station," goes to a burial, listens to the gossip and the bargainings about a marriage dowry, and sits

down along the roadside to hear the story of the flute-player. There is talk aplenty in all of these sketches, and it is the real Irish talk the like of which can be found nowhere else. There is legend and myth and folk-lore, there are familiar customs and curious practices, there are startlingly beautiful pictures of scenery, and there is many a gay anecdote collected in this narrative. Perhaps too great a part of it is taken up with the Irish literary people; they should have been kept for a book devoted to them alone, for they do not go into the "idiom" naturally.

F. X. T.

**The American Senate.** By LINDSAY ROGERS. New York: Alfred Knopf.

**Congress. An Explanation.** By ROBERT LUCE. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. \$1.50.

Both these volumes dealing with a most important part of the machinery of our Government may be profitably read. The former, if less limited in scope, is on the other hand more thought-provoking. And while all students of political science will not fully assent to the conclusions of either volume and the suggestions they make for the more effective functioning of our federal legislature, they will however find much to approve. Professor Rogers is interested especially in the evolution that has taken place in the activities and procedure of the Senate since the Constitution was adopted. Mr. Luce, who is one of the Congressmen from Massachusetts and whose chapters reproduce five lectures delivered at Harvard University on the Godkin Foundation, is more concerned with the practical workings of the congressional machinery. Both authors are at one however in finding much to criticize in our present law-making bodies and though the criticism is frank it can hardly be said to be destructive. It must be noted that Representative Luce's theory of law builded on the rejection of "a Law of Nature superior to any human enactments" is not only philosophically unsound but also at variance with the whole spirit of the American Constitution and Declaration of Independence. In his Preface Professor Rogers makes clear the intent of his volume. His view is: "The undemocratic usurping Senate is the indispensable check and balance in the American system and only complete freedom of debate enables it to play this role." If the country is to guard against a usurpation of authority, particularly by the President, this liberty of speech in the Senate, he maintains against advocates of closure, must be preserved inviolate.

W. F. C.

**Tercentenary History of Maryland.** By MATTHEW P. ANDREWS. Baltimore: The S. J. Clarke Company.

Professor Andrews' work is in response to a general demand for a work on Maryland history that should serve as a contribution to the Tercentenary of the Founding of the Maryland Colony, projected for 1934. In the preparation of his matter, the author invited the suggestions and partial collaboration of a wide circle of acquaintances. To the one large volume that gives a complete scholarly and most readable narration of the course of Maryland history from its beginning to the close of the Civil War, he added three more volumes of biographical data of the living as well as of the dead. The precise value of these data seems to be questioned somewhat by the author himself. They contain, nevertheless, many valuable points of family tradition relevant to the subject, since the history of Maryland is largely a history of families. One of the most pleasing features of the book, which is abundantly illustrated, is the very practical distinction between essential and merely supplementary matter which is maintained throughout. The author shows a praiseworthy striving for fairness in matters that concern religious differences and the various phases of the history of religious liberty. He takes considerable pains to be accurate concerning points of fact, whether of religious persons or of Catholic practice. But the deductions that he draws from these facts are at times open to question, and are sometimes used to maintain a political

conception that will seem strange to Catholic readers. His difficulty in interpreting some of the events that took place under the Calvert regime only help to show that we need to treat the early history of Maryland less as a distinct subject in itself and more as a chapter in the religious as well as in the political history of England.

T. N. R.

#### BOOKS AND AUTHORS

**The Art of Criticizing Contemporaries.**—There are many who affect to despise the critic and his office, to call him a drudge who follows after the creative writer but who does not himself create. But a critic is not necessarily of so inferior a quality. In some aspects he is of even greater importance to literature than the imaginative writer, for he may be a guide as well as a deterrent in the up-springing literary movements. An interesting collection of essays on "Contemporary American Criticism" (Holt. \$2.00) has been selected and arranged by James C. Bowman. The series contains articles by the better-known American authors of the day, most of them creative critics. Through the arrangement of the editor, the essays give contrary views on many mooted points: the purpose and motive of criticism, for example, the recurrent controversy about nationalism and tradition in literature, the conflict between morality and estheticism, realism versus romanticism, free verse and organized form in poetry. Being written from so many diverse points of view and professing so many fundamentally opposed philosophies of art, these papers cannot be collectively recommended. They serve, however, to clear the issues in our distracted period of literary criticism.

—On a more limited scale of criticism are the selections contained in "Current Reviews" (Holt. \$2.00), edited by Lewis Worthington Smith. In many English Departments, book-reviewing is included in the schedule; specimens, certainly, are plentiful in the literary magazines as well as in the daily newspapers, but models for study must be chosen with discrimination. Professor Smith has collected a large number of representative reviews from the current periodicals and arranged them under appropriate headings. He has illustrated them by notes and suggestions for study. Though the points of view, as noted above in regard to Professor Bowman's volume, are not always agreeable to Catholic litterateurs, the methods and style of the reviewers are instructive.

**Theoretical and Practical Catholicism.**—An eminently novel treatment of the great religious truths is offered by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Kolbe in "The Four Mysteries of the Faith" (Longmans. \$2.25). The author starting with first principles, maintains that the original deposit of the Faith is analyzable into the four ideas of Trinity, Incarnation, Mystical Body and Sacramental Presence; that from these, all Catholic teaching down to the smallest details branches out, and that all four were progressively revealed in a perfectly parallel way. In his treatment therefore of religious truths, Mgr. Kolbe relates them all back to these mysteries. An intriguing exposition of the Apocalypse as a sort of prophecy-poem of the four mysteries concludes the treatise.

An explanation of the doctrines of the Apostles' Creed studied in the light of the Holy Eucharist, is the content of a new devotional volume by the Very Rev. Mgr. J. L. J. Kirlin entitled "With Him in Mind" (Macmillan. \$1.50). Besides being a practical help for the priests who conduct the services during the devotion of the Holy Hour and for the people who attend them, it is a fruitful source of inspiration for those who follow the laudable practice of reading spiritual treatises. In all of Mgr. Kirlin's books, sincere and practical piety is expounded in a graceful, interesting style.

Written chiefly for the clergy to stimulate them to a fuller study of some of the principal moral problems, "Readings on Fundamental Moral Theology" (Pustet), by the Rt. Rev. Louis J. Nau, will prove an instructive handbook even for the educated laity. In four chapters the author discusses various aspects of Free Will and Moral Obligation, the Virtues, the Obligation of



the Human Law, and Moral Education. Though all may not agree with his conclusions in disputed moral questions, his presentation of the opposing arguments, with the authorities that support them, is as fair and complete as the size of the volume will permit.

A revision of some chapters that formerly appeared in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* on church-building, along with some very suggestive papers on keeping God's house neat and clean, is the subject matter of "Church-Making and Church-Keeping" (Dublin: M. H. Gill. 3.6), by Rev. E. J. Quigley. Were it part of the sacristy equipment of every church and chapel one is inclined to feel that some of the squalor, untidiness and carelessness that the Faithful occasionally deplore in the sanctuary and about the altar, and that makes them wonder whether those who are responsible for their upkeep fully realize the Eucharistic Presence, would disappear. Dusting and laundering and scrubbing are perhaps trivial affairs to engage the pen of a priest but the publication of Father Quigley's little book may be needed.

**German Publications.**—Creative love, the love in the human heart which calls into being ethical impulses, noble resolutions and high achievements, is the theme which has been treated in a masterly way by Stanislaus von Dunin Borkowski, S.J., in his "Schöpferische Liebe" (Berlin: Ferd. Dümmlers Verlag. M. 5). Litterateur and philosopher, the author has produced a work equally attractive and scientific which shows the significance of human love transfigured by Faith.—The same publisher has issued also a philosophical work on the inseparable relation between religion and morality by Adolf Dyroff (M. 2), written in a popular vein, as well as "an attempt" by Prof. Dr. Martin Honebecker to offer a rather extensive philosophical compendium on the vast subject of human thought, "Das Denken" (M. 4).—Of a somewhat different nature is the beautifully illustrated brochure "Die wahre Schönheit," based on Alban Stolz by J. Imholz. It may be had for one Schilling in Austrian money (7.20 Schilling being equivalent to \$1.00) from the Allgemeiner Wiener Kirchenbauverein, Wien I, Rotenturmst. 2, Austria, whose funds are being used for Austrian Church extension purposes.

**Preachers and Preaching.**—For the third successive year Joseph Fort Newton has assembled what he believes the choicest products of the American pulpit in a given twelve-month. "Best Sermons. 1926" (Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50), reproduces a goodly and varied array of sermons representing not merely the different denominations but also the Harvard and Yale divinity schools. Several, it would seem, are chosen not so much for their intrinsic worth or doctrinal value but because of the occasions on which they were delivered. Thus the initial sermon is that of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick at the League of Nations Assembly service at Geneva. So too Bishop Brent's sermon at the consecration of Bishop Stires is reproduced. In style the selections range from very loose, rambling remarks about religion to some very orderly and carefully worded discourses. In subject matter one notices that there is not a great deal of insistence either on faith or morals and that many of the selections are more fitted for the platform than for the pulpit. Catholic thought is represented by a forceful discourse on religious indifferentism by the distinguished Paulist preacher, the Rev. Bertrand L. Conway.

When Dr. Samuel McComb discusses the technique of pulpit oratory in "Preaching in Theory and Practice" (Oxford University Press. American Branch. \$2.00), he offers many practical suggestions that others than preachers may profit by. This is particularly true of a chapter on "The Psychology of Preaching." When, however, he runs into observations on dogmatic truths, his doctrines have all the weakness that comes from a vague and unstable theological system. Thus his students are told that the evidence for the Virgin Birth "is too scanty to compel assent"; and again, that faith in the risen Christ rests "upon something more inward and personal" than the Gospel evidence.

**The Big Mogul. The Devil's Guide. Word of Honour. The Palm of the Hot Hand. Sweepings. Powdered Ashes.**

Very few authors, whose works have brought them prominently before the public, live up to the promise made by their successful book or books. This is partly due to the demand of publisher and public for a new book each year, whether the author is physically or intellectually fit for such a strain or not. Then too once a reputation is acquired it is human to rest upon one's laurels and turn out reams of the common-place. All the foregoing is said by way of background of Joseph C. Lincoln's latest contribution to the veritable library that bears his name. "The Big Mogul" (Appleton. \$2.00) has only traces of that inestimable humor which we look for with avidity in his books. However, there are in it a number of new phases of an old story exceptionally well done. This is particularly true of the ending. After the storm and stress of violent passion comes the harbor of future peace and happiness, without spoiling the picture by detailing that peace and happiness. The actors in the drama portrayed are living realities, true Lincoln men and women.

That extraordinary effort of a hectic imagination, "The Devil's Guide" (Bobbs, Merrill. \$2.00), by Talbot Mundy, purports to be a manuscript by Jeff Ramsey almost at the point of death in far off Thibet. With a friend and some few followers he had been lured from India into this land of mystery and magic by the report that somewhere in the interior was Sham-bha-la, either a place or a condition of existence altogether more desirable than anything else in the world. A further motive was a letter from a former partner of his who was imprisoned it seems in the neighborhood of this beguiling prospect. For lovers of the occult this series of weird adventures may prove attractive but for the normal reader they strain probability beyond the breaking.

It is not often that at least one or other of a collection of a dozen stories is not found weak. But the unusual has happened in H. C. McNeile's "Word of Honour" (Doran. \$2.00). Though there is a certain sameness of type in the characters and in several of the settings, there is plenty of plot, novelty and a goodly variety of subject-matter. The reader is taken by surprise at almost every one of the endings. What is more the stories though mostly taken up with the eternal triangle are wholesomely told, a decided relief from so much sex writing.

If one enjoys real rough fiction—rough characters, rough language, rough settings—then let him read "The Palm of the Hot Hand" (McClurg. \$2.00), by King Phillips. It is a story of the bad lands and the bad men of the southwestern American desert country, where ethical principles are quite completely cast aside. The romance of gold and the romance of love are played up in parallel chapters and before Dave Thornton finally leads the desert maiden to the outside world and fortune, there has been much fighting, shooting and bloodshed.

The story of the life and fortunes of Peter Pardway, of his two sons, Thane, a gambler in wheat, and Daniel, a shrewd thrifty merchant, and of the latter's four degenerate children, as told by Lester Cohen in "Sweepings" (Boni, Liveright. \$2.50), is not of sufficient interest to merit commendation. Nor is it artistic either in theme or in treatment. It is a sordid tale throughout, of the exaggerated realistic type. The characters are, for the most part, vulgar, pagan and at times blasphemous. They present few, if any, attractive traits.

It is not easy to write a story that does not occasionally violate the law of probability; but to strain probabilities to the breaking-point is scarcely pardonable. That is one reason why "Powdered Ashes" (Houghton, Mifflin. \$2.00), by Theodate Geoffrey, is not likely to prove a success. The plot centers round the wife of an American engineer whose silly head is turned by the flattering and dangerous attentions of a rich and politically intriguing Japanese, the villain in the play. The yellow-peril scare is capitalized in the unfolding of the plot. But, of course, all ends well, with American wit and courage triumphant. Few readers will be stirred to enthusiasm.

## Communications

*The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department.*

### Back Numbers of "Thought"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May I call the attention of any of your readers who have subscribed to the new quarterly, *Thought*, to the fact that the first issue of June, 1926, has been sold out entirely. Librarians are writing in constantly to secure copies of this issue so that their files may be complete. It would be a real act of charity for anyone who does not intend to keep the issues of *Thought* to return them to the office, 4847 Grand Central Terminal Building, New York City. We shall be pleased to refund them for the same provided the copy be not too badly damaged.

New York, N. Y.

F. P. LeBuffe, S.J.

### The "Why" of Edna Ferber's Libel

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Permit me to write conveying some information that may shed a little light on the *why* of Edna Ferber's libel on convent schools. In the Boston Sunday *Herald* of a week or two ago an item was printed giving Miss Ferber's recipe for writing a book. Let me quote:

The latest recipe for writing a book: Know very little about your subject and even less about the local color for it.

At least, that is about the recipe Edna Ferber, authoress of best sellers, gives, writes Elizabeth Custer in the New York *Telegram*.

And then going on in the article, I read the following, which I also quote:

"One doesn't write about things one knows," scoffed Miss Ferber laughingly. "That isn't fiction if you do. Of course, it takes a lot of research and study sometimes to depict surroundings unfamiliar to the writer, but the great charm in writing a story is to imagine most of it."

Now that all may be very true. I am not an author of best sellers, not an author in any sense, save of a very dry thesis on a very dry subject, Grammar. But—I wonder just how much imagining it took to depict the shamefully slandered convent schools, as they were slandered? Or, was that same slander the result of "research and study" in an effort "to depict surroundings unfamiliar to the writer," and if it was, pray what sources were consulted in this "research and study" for these "surroundings unfamiliar to the author"?

And by the way, this article by Miss Custer concerned the novel "Show Boat," in which the libel appears. Socrates had something to say about the wise man knowing that he knew not. Edna, meet Soc.

Lawrence, Mass.

FRANCIS P. KILCOYNE.

### A Duumvirate in Mexico

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a special cable to the Baltimore *Sun*, dated Mexico, October 21, it is announced that the Mexican Chamber of Deputies passed with only seven dissenting votes, which, the dispatch adds, were howled down by the rest,—a bill to amend the sacred Constitution of 1917 in order to allow the re-election of ex-President Obregon. The dispatch says that no difficulty is expected for the bill's passage in the Senate, nor for its approbation by two-thirds of the States.

What a travesty of constitutional government! I refer not merely to the inconsistency of the Mexican Congress in so readily voting to amend the Constitution in this particular after having rejected even the proposal of amendment of the religious clauses, but especially to the nature of the amendment itself. Re-election was the very abuse against which the whole Mexican Revolution, according to its leaders, was aimed and no sooner were the revolutionaries in power than they incorporated this article into the infamous Constitution of Querétaro. The slogan was, *Elección libre y no reelección*, "Free elections and no re-election."

But, of course, it all depends on who is to be re-elected. The law was directed against men like Porfirio Diaz, who, while he did abuse his power by having himself continually re-elected, still maintained a semblance of law and order in the country and was fast developing it into a nation which could by peaceful means rid itself of such anomalies. But now that the element which Diaz represented is powerless the law is found to be troublesome.

When Mr. Obregon was in power he overlooked the first part, "Free elections," and put his friend Mr. Calles into office. It is only right, then, that Mr. Calles should make some return for the favor and have the second part, "No re-election," which is an obstacle to Mr. Obregon's aspirations, repealed. The result will be, unless the Mexican people have done with the whole gang before that time, that there will be a rotation in the office of President between Messrs. Calles and Obregon, thus forming a duumvirate for the government of Mexico instead of a democracy. "O Liberty what crimes are not committed in thy name!"

Woodstock, Md.

P. H. Y.

### Men and Women Teachers

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Because our opinion of the masculine lay teacher is different from the one held by Anna E. Gillick of Milwaukee, in your issue of October 2, we smile. Men are able to make the dullest subjects interesting in both the high school and university; they should be able to meet the situation in the elementary school. They make excellent principals. We have heard a teacher say of her lady principal: "She is as sensible as a man."

The number of men wishing to teach is increasing and if parish schools paid a living wage, we could hope to see them there. Our conviction is that men are returning to the profession of teaching. As the Salvation Army slogan has it, they were: "Down but not out." Economic reasons may have driven them out and economic reasons may be forcing them back.

Perhaps the teachers of the gentler sex would show wisdom by meditating on the cry of the "L" guard, "Watch your step."

Oak Park, Ill.

LEONORE B. MCCARTHY.

### Parents Are Accountable

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Father Jones I. Corrigan, in a lecture at Boston College, is reported to have said, touching on moral education in the [public?] schools:

Moral education, to be effective, must aim to create prejudices against various kinds of unmoral action. The idealism of youth is our best ally in bringing youth to despise what is mean and sordid.

But under the present obsessions of jazz and pleasure, and hindered by overloaded curriculums, how can the super-impressionistic youth attending our public schools, colleges, and academies today find time to foster moral ideals? How can youth, ever ready to absorb information, be impressed when countless homes of the land have one or two parents who are disposed to let their children run wild and indulge their newly aroused passions for pleasure and illicit excitement?

Moral ideals, forsooth! Mention morals and ideals among circles of present-day youth attending the public schools and you are openly ridiculed and laughed at, or called a Victorian or an old-fashioned killjoy. But, mention something that has a "kick" and you are regarded as a well-informed individual; mention some unfortunate girl or woman who has made a private or public spectacle of herself, and there is immediate attention; mention a shady novel or a suspicious drink and you are up-to-date.

The idealism of youth has been sadly shattered by unmoral, careless or guilty parents of this and the past generation. Idealism cannot be taught until the rot, which at present is festering in the body politic, is reduced. As ye sow, so shall ye reap.

Lowell.

GEORGE F. O'DWYER.